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ENGLISH GLOOM AND ENGLISH GAIETY.

WE have the profoundest respect for John Bull, but it must be confessed that he is an individual of a most lugubrious aspect. He does many things well, but he is not successful in the art of enjoying himself. He has odd notions of the great object of life, and is very much given to confound means with ends, and to be so intensely occupied with his preparations for pleasure, as never to have leisure for the pleasure itself. It is all business with him. He never does any thing except for the sake of doing something else afterwards. He is haunted with a perpetual purpose, and cannot conceive the gratification of seeking things for their own sake, taking them as they are, and extracting from them all the enjoyment which they can possibly be made to yield. "*Post Joannem sedet atra cura*," said Horace, or at least he said something very like it. The "*eques*" of whom he sung, was surely the type of our very excellent and admirable selves, with our ever-furrowed brow, our sober countenance, our hasty step, and our cordial devotion to what may be called *the prose* of life. Care not only sits behind us, but goes before us, and haunts us from morn till dewy eve; and we do not doubt that could an Englishman's very dreams be compared with the nightly visions of men of other lands, they would appear to be among the most matter-of-fact and money-getting *spectra* in creation.

The grand absurdity which is connected with this care-loving taste of ours, is, however, perhaps a more serious evil than our preternatural solemnity itself. We actually are proud of our formalism, and mistake our chilling preciseness and horror of lively pleasure for true greatness of character, and (alas!) for sincere and habitual religiousness. We are like a Quaker who should, as a matter of taste, prefer his drab coat and trousers, and his daughter's close-fitting grey-silk bonnet, to the velvet and ermine of a peer, or the graceful head-dress of a Grecian beauty. There would be some excuse for us, if we were content to be dull and stupid, without applauding ourselves for our solemnities, and despising those wiser, though poorer nations, who be-

lieve that when a man has done his utmost to secure his eternal happiness, the most philosophical thing he can do is, to enjoy himself in this present life, so far as care, sorrow, and sin will suffer him. But as it is, English people actually esteem themselves the most sensible nation upon earth, not so much for their really great and noble qualities, as for those peculiarities of manner, address, amusements, and personal tastes, which are nothing more than mere habits of action and feeling, and which, we may rest assured, appear as ludicrous and laughable in the eyes of foreigners, as what we call the follies of the continent appear in our severe and calculating judgment.

The only way, we believe, to persuade the English people that their perpetual gravity and careworn ways are things to be condemned and cast away, is to shew them that they lead to all sorts of positive mischief. The nation, with all its superficial religion, has a certain cordial, steady love, not only for decency, but for morality and true religious purity; and it would be more ready to seek for pleasure and mirth from a perception of the vicious consequences which spring from our eternal business-like solemnity, than from the most glowing pictures of the sweetness of pleasure, and the delights of a merry, happy, contented life. We must take our countrymen as we find them, and argue with them on their own principles. It is of no use to seek to rouse them from their apathy in all matters of enjoyment by contrasting their dismal gaieties with the simple, child-like joys of others, or with the virtuous pleasures and innocent mirth of the *merry* England of former times. Our respected countrymen and countrywomen would turn away from the comparison with a shrug and a sneer, and go back with something like zest to their laborious recreations, and be more convinced than ever that business was the great end for which man was originally created.

The two great points on which we should be content to rest the question of the encouragement of a more free and frequent use of all harmless amusements are, the utter godlessness and irreligiousness of a devotion to care and business, when carried to an excessive length; and the frightful amount of positive vice and immorality which is the consequence of the pleasure-fearing peculiarity of the English character. Either one of these grounds we believe to be more than abundant proof that there is something radically wrong in that social condition which makes us preeminent in Europe for anxious countenances and dismal modes of intercourse with our fellow-creatures.

Take first the essential nature of our habits of care and anxiety. People think this never-ending thought of the future—(not the eternal future, indeed)—to be at least a harmless, respectable, blameless taste. They

even go so far as to account it a species of religion, and an honourable thing in the sight of God. They fancy that it will tell in their favour before their Judge hereafter; and that while Frenchmen and Italians dance, and laugh, and sing themselves into future ruin, the staid and correct Briton is to be held innocent, for the propriety with which he has fulfilled his duties in his shop, his counting-house, and his farm. That there is any thing to be admired or honoured in this ceaseless carefulness, we, however, utterly deny. It is as godless in itself as the vainest trifling of the votary of frivolity and fashion. A steady care for the good things of life, *as such*, is no more religion, than shooting and hunting are religion, and when carried to the awful extent to which it is carried by the vast majority of our countrymen, it becomes a practical atheism; it is nothing better than a deliberate preference of time to eternity, and of the comforts of to-day to the bliss of heaven. The tens of thousands of men of toil and business, whose devotion to the ledger, and whose yearning for respectability in the eyes of men, are such that they cannot bear to enjoy themselves for very anxiety as to the events of the morrow, are as destitute of all true Christian principle as the spendthrift and prodigal who cries, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." If folly be the curse of some other lands, what is falsely called *sense* is the curse of our own. If thoughtlessness destroys its thousands abroad, care destroys its tens of thousands at home. We have made our incomes and our station in life into a god, which we worship with all the madness of a pagan idolatry.

An Englishman is not a solemn, heavy being, because he is religious, but because he is not religious. His *réunions* are cold and inanimate, not because the spirit of Christ reigns therein, but because the spirit of the world is dominant with a tyrannical sway. He looks grave, not because his heart is engaged in prayer, but because he is thinking either of what he has got, or of what the world says of him. He is shy, stiff, and formal, not from calm, innate dignity of character, but from a morbid feeling of independence, which leads him to be ever reflecting that he is as good as any body else about him, and that he cares for nobody, if they do not care for him. He does not abstain from chattering because he is so full of thought, but because he does not esteem it worth while to make himself agreeable, and because he fancies it might lower his dignity in the eyes of the world. He spends his money, not because he wants to get rid of it, or because he wants what he buys, but that people may see that he can purchase what he pleases, and is a great man, as popular greatness goes. He gives dinners because they are expected of him, or because he likes to make a show; he goes into society, execrating the bore of what he is doing, and neither expecting nor receiving pleasure from the operation. He goes to see sights because other people see them; he visits remarkable places in order to say that he has been there; he purchases pictures because they are expensive things, and called luxuries; he suspects a cheap concert, and imagines nothing can be worth having that does not cost gold. In short, wherever he goes, he carries with him the love of money, and a regard for what other people will think and say.

To call this a religious state of feeling were simply absurd. It is flagrant idolatry, and nothing less. The hearts of such men as these are as impervious to the emotions of true piety, as if they were physically formed of metal or marble. The Sunday church and chapel-going, the guinea subscriptions to charitable institu-

tions, the declamations against vice and riotous gaiety, which are the sole indications of a recognition of Christianity in a large portion of the great middle and upper classes of this country, are nothing better than an attempt to make a compromise between God and mammon, and to purchase heaven with the outlay of a few words, a few hours, and a few pounds. We truly believe that the one grand obstacle to the progress of pure living Christianity in this country is to be found in that worldly carefulness which causes our intense gravity, and makes us the most silent nation in Europe. The respectability of England is its bane; we worship respectability, and thus contrive to lose both the enjoyments of earth and the enjoyments of heaven. If Great Britain could once learn to laugh like a child, she would be in the way once more to pray like a saint.

But this is not all: the sensuality and gross vice, and the hateful moroseness and harshness of temper, which result from our indisposition for gaiety and enjoyment, are literally awful to think of. Pride and licentiousness triumph in our land, because we are too careworn or too stupid to enter heartily into innocent recreations. Those two demons, one of which first cast man out of Paradise, while the other has degraded him to the level of the brutes, are served by myriads of helpless slaves, who are handed over to a bondage to passion, through the gloominess that broods over our national character. The young and the old alike, the poor and the wealthy, are literally driven to excess, because there is nothing in our state of society to refresh them after their toils, or to make life as much a season of enjoyment as the inevitable lot of mortality will allow. Look at an English Sunday, and behold the reason why more wickedness is committed on that day than in all the rest of the week put together. Was there ever any thing more heavy, more laboured, more formal, more chilling, more inexpressive of Christian joy and a day of refreshment to body and soul? It has but one good feature, its cessation from open, glaring trade. Great Britain actually toils through its Sundays; it disposes of its devotions in a precise, business-like manner, and then commits all manner of sins, or goes to sleep. The drowsiness of decent English society on Sundays is only equalled by the eagerness with which the business-loving world flies to its toils on Mondays.

Hence it is, that those who are not influenced by religious principles, or a regard for the decencies of respectable life, fly headlong on Sundays into every abomination and excess. There is more gambling, more drinking, more swearing, more reading of the vile and blackguard portion of the periodical press, and more outrageous licentiousness, on the Lord's day in England, Scotland, and Wales, than in the whole week from Monday morning till Saturday night. The multitude are literally driven into what is unlawful, from the utter absence of every thing that is innocent. No galleries are opened; no exhibitions, no museums, no public gardens, offer a place for quiet, intellectual, and refined recreation; no music enlivens the air, and bespeaks, while it strengthens, the joyfulness of the day of rest; people are taught to shut their eyes to books, which they are allowed to read on other days as much as they please; a backgammon-board, or a chess-table, is esteemed the "mark of the beast;" in short, while the *thoughts* run on uncontrolled, and a very moderate degree of restraint is laid upon the tongue; the eyes, the hands, and the feet are subjected to a rigorous system of surveillance, which forces tens of thousands into the haunts of sin, and tempts multitudes to a secret, stealthy

enjoyment of those pleasures which they believe to be harmless, but which are proscribed by a popular, cold-blooded Puritanism.

And what is true of the English Sunday is more or less true of all other days. Men fly to vice for want of pure and innocent pleasures. The gin-shops receive those who might be entertaining themselves with the works of art in a public gallery. The whole animal portion of our being is fostered at the expense of the spiritual. We become brutalised, because we are morbidly afraid of being frivolous and of wasting our time. The devil keeps possession of an Englishman's heart, through the instrumentality of his carnal passions, because he is too proud and too stupid to laugh and enjoy himself. He ruins souls in the solitude of their thoughts, because a tyrannical fashion forbids them to forget the promptings of inward passion in the gaiety and sociableness of easy and unpretending society. We sulk ourselves into perdition, while the boast of solid piety is upon our tongue. Secret sin destroys its myriads, immolated on the altar of outward respectability, and of a regard for the opinion of a money-getting world.

As Christians, therefore, and as men, we mourn over the surly solemnity of our fellow-countrymen, as the bane of all true piety and godliness. We groan under the despotism whose iron sway we feel every day that we live. We grieve to see our children growing up into manhood, and gradually losing all the fresh innocence and free sportiveness of their early years, oppressed with the cloud that broods over their elders, and yielding their young and buoyant spirits to a bondage which they see to be heartless and unnatural. We sigh to see the care-worn countenances, the heavy, business-like reserve of look, which meet us at every step, as we alike thread the crowded thoroughfares of our cities, or wander along our village lanes, and amidst our toiling peasantry. There—there we see written in letters of sorrow, the primeval curse of man, unalleviated by the peace and blessings of the gospel; we remember only the words of doom, "Cursed is the earth in thy work; in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread till thou return to the earth;" we see no tokens of the new law of love, which in a measure reversed the ancient decree of justice; we hear no echoes of the words of mercy, "Rejoice in the Lord always; again, I say, rejoice."

Scenes in London.

NO. III.

THE MIGRATION.

1. The Homes of the Poor.

"WHERE do the poor of London live? Where do they sleep? Where do they die?" We have often wondered how many well-dressed people there are who could answer these questions. Another query of the same kind is now often presenting itself to those who walk through and watch this illimitable metropolis. "Where are the poor gone to?" we ask ourselves and our fellow-pedestrians, when we see the long rows of noble houses, the streets of warehouses and shops, which ever and anon are called up by a parliamentary or municipal mandate, in the place of some dense mass of squalid tenements, now swept away from the face of the earth.

"How wonderfully London is altered, since I was in town some twenty years ago!" says some country visitor, who has been vegetating quietly in Devonshire or Yorkshire for nearly a quarter of a century. "How amazingly it is improved! it looks richer and more substantial than ever; after all one hears of the misery and distress of the times, it is quite a comfort to come up to town and see the thousands of carriages, the loaded waggons, and all these handsome new streets. After all, we are not ruined yet." Thus philosophises the frightened gentleman or lady, who, in some calm sequestered

nook, has been scared with visions of an army of paupers, an exhausted Bank; and a populace in rebellion: thus they quiet their fears, and return home again, to eat and drink, and read the newspapers with a peaceful mind. And thus say all, who, either through bustle, thoughtlessness, or ignorance, are compelled to view the world only from without, save so far as their own little coterie reveals to their eyes some portions of the hidden workings of actual life.

"Where are the poor gone to?" is, however, still the question put by those who can see beyond the surface, and *think*. Perhaps no one can answer the query satisfactorily, except some few of the police force, and those whose callings bring them into an intimate acquaintance with the crimes of the lawless and the destitute. While the heart of the metropolis, and almost all its great arteries which run north, east, and west, have been *improved*, as the saying is, thousands and tens of thousands of those whose very existence is scarcely recognised, except by relieving officers and the ministers of the law, have been cast upon the more distant suburbs of London, to settle down again in crowds, and to form new haunts of destitution, suffering, and sin. Perhaps they are now more than ever out of the reach of any controlling or enlightening eye, and are driven by an increased neglect and difficulty of earning their bread to a more reckless desperation. Perhaps their dismal hovels are even more unhealthy, more filthy, more fruitful in every stimulus to vice, than those old dens in the depths of the great city, whose very names are synonymous with thieving, insolence, and impurity. But, whatever they now are, it is certain that the hand of the legislature, which has destroyed their former dwelling-places, has inflicted upon them no trifling amount of suffering, and still more alienated their hearts from those who are above them in the social scale.

We have before us the history of a family which had been involved in these enforced migrations, which presents features not often to be met with in localities too absolutely given up to the dominion of the baser passions of mankind. Those who only know the poor from books of fiction, or newspapers, or reports of benevolent societies, or from that casual intercourse with them which few can avoid, have little idea of the singular virtues and purity which are at times to be discovered, growing like flowers in a desert, in the midst of the most frightful demoralisation and excesses. Confounding, as we do, the individuals of each class under one wide definition, and judging only by our own personal experience, it is scarcely possible for us to believe in the existence of that almost angelic innocence which at times, though but too rarely, is to be found in the haunts of destitution and guilt. Knowing our own private infirmities, and how certain would be our fall if we were subjected to the debasing influences which are dominant in the homes of the lowest poor, we can scarcely conceive the existence of that degree of excellence which really dwells in and enlightens some few hearts in those dark abodes. The little history we are about to relate turns mainly upon the character of one of those singularly happy creatures, who, like a solitary star shining in the midst of a sky of gloomy clouds, are unquestionably reared in a soil which would seem fruitful only of the human soul in its most degraded condition and form.

2. Mary Barlow.

In one of those long, winding, narrow streets or lanes, which were not very far from the exact centre of London, but which now exist no longer, stood a tall, high-roomed house, built in the reign of one of the first Georges, whose many windows proclaimed its existence before any severe window-tax had been devised to exclude light and air from our habitations. There was a separate family lodging in almost every apartment, from the garrets to the cellars; the only exception being in the case of the ground-floor, which was occupied by a shoemaker, the very type of his class, clever, political, and given to intoxication and declamatory talking. He rented two rooms, for his workshop and for a dwelling for his wife and three children.

In one of the upper stories resided a young woman and her mother, the former about one or two and twenty years of age, the latter long past middle life. No two

creatures could be more unlike than Mary Barlow and her only surviving parent. The latter was one of those persons, whose tempers we always compare to the ceaseless dropping of water. She complained from morning till night; the world had always gone against her, and without exactly turning her spirit into pure vinegar, it had given it an acerbity which made her the most intolerable of constant companions. It was, "Mary, do be a little quicker," or, "Mary, do be a little slower;" or, "Mary, come here," or, "Mary, go there;" or something else of the kind, throughout the livelong day. Mary was never in the right. Her mother was at enmity with the rest of her fellow-creatures, but on Mary's devoted head dropped the never-ending expression of her perturbed and wounded feelings. None but those who know what it is to live actually in the same room, from year to year, with such a woman, can have an idea of the effect of such a disposition and its never-ceasing complainings and discontent.

Mary herself presented a striking contrast to her mother. There were traces upon her countenance which shewed that if she had been reared in other circumstances, she might have been as fair in form and feature as she was pure and fascinating in mind and heart. Pale and delicate in a high degree, and manifestly slightly contracted in her growth, there was yet a buoyancy in her expression, and a tendency to grace and elasticity in her figure, which united with features, if not attractive, yet in no way ill-formed, to shew that had her childhood and youth been passed in a different physical world, she would probably have expanded into a woman of considerable beauty. As it was, the calm life of a delicately formed eye, and the outline of a well-shaped head, such as would satisfy both the sculptor and the phrenologist, gave a charm to her every look, even after many months of acute distress and harassing difficulties.

Of her mother's infirmities she seemed literally to be hardly aware. She bore them evidently without knowing how great a trial they were to her, and without wishing them to be away. Her meek and affectionate endurance, indeed, was only one of the results of that singular forgetfulness of self, which was manifest in every word she spoke, and every trivial action she undertook. The same unconsciousness of any rights of her own, was undoubtedly also the source of a decision and courage of character which she displayed when compelled to take any decided step, and which astonished those who had only known her as the meekest of all patient people. She thought neither of herself, nor of what other persons might say of her, and thus presented in her humble place that union of apparently contradictory qualities which is really the offspring of one and the same indwelling principle.

Not far from the house where Mrs. Barlow and her daughter lodged, was a family with whom some past circumstances had made them well acquainted. This family consisted of a man and his wife, and seven sons and daughters, named Smithson. The father was a kind of huckster or costermonger, who, by his industry, had acquired money enough to buy a cart and a donkey, with which he carried vegetables about town and in the suburbs, and sold them to the lower classes of shopkeepers, among whom he had a kind of connexion. As times went, he was not without his good qualities, being upright when not tempted to roguery, preferring an honest to a dishonest penny, and never entering a public-house or gin-palace except on Saturday nights. Then he regularly spent a certain portion of his earnings in drinking; came home when turned out by the police, and slept off his debauch on Sunday. Rough and rude, without being exactly ill-tempered, he lived with his wife and family on decent terms, especially when not interfered with. His poor wife was what one calls a miserable creature; dirty, slatternly, and idle, she had not the spirit to be violently dissipated, and was kept from the worst excesses chiefly from being too lazy to put herself in the way of them. The household, such as it was, was chiefly kept together by the eldest daughter, Emma Smithson, a strong, hale, coarse-looking but not ill-favoured young woman, with strong passions and tolerably good temper, the expression of whose countenance told, as plainly as eyes and mouth

could speak, that she was capable of the most violent excesses. Hitherto she had done little harm, and was the ruling and supporting spirit of the family.

Of the rest, the only one we are concerned with was the eldest son Henry; a young man who shared all his sister's qualities, except that his temper was a little more sullen, and his moral principles a trifle worse than those of Emma. This Henry had formerly rendered some very important service to Mary Barlow's mother, which, though it had cost him little, and indeed was almost accidental, had made a remarkable impression on the young and grateful heart of Mary herself. Guileless in her own mind, she suspected nothing in others; and as young Smithson, at the time when he had benefited Mrs. Barlow, scarcely shewed the germs of his present unrestrained habits, the innocent girl had unconsciously yielded him a place in her affections, which had blinded her to the rapid development of the true features of his character. In short, it was pretty well understood that they were in the end to be married; though Mary's devotion to her mother would not suffer her to think of leaving her alone, while the young lover every day shewed more plainly his resolute determination to have nothing to do with the peevish old woman who was to be his mother-in-law.

Thus affairs stood between the two families at the time when this record of their tale begins. Henry Smithson was constantly with the Barlows, for in good truth he was as devotedly attached to Mary as was possible for a being so intensely selfish as he was. And though she was now and then some little surprised at the sentiments he occasionally expressed, yet she literally was so far from comprehending what he meant,—she was, in fact, so ignorant of the nature of the passions which beat in his unprincipled breast,—that she was little more than puzzled when he broke out into offensive sayings, or was under the sway of his moody temper. Nothing ever shook her confidence in her lover's rectitude and good intentions, except the hasty words of vexation with which he at times vented his spleen, when Mrs. Barlow was more than usually captious and disagreeable.

3. Alarms.

One evening in February, in the year 184—, the elder Smithson returned home in a singularly ill humour, and was more than ordinarily provoked with his wife's indolent, careless ways. A report was spreading in the neighbourhood, which had just reached his ears, that the whole street in which they lived was to be pulled down by order of the Lord Mayor. So the story was circulated; though, as may be supposed, the Lord Mayor had no more to do with it than the Emperor of Russia. Others said it was the particular desire of the Queen, who was offended at something the Londoners had done, and was going to turn all the poor out of their homes. This is ever one of the sources of needless discontent among the lowest grades of men and women: they know nothing of the real powers which control them, and imputing all they suffer to some body or other who has nothing whatever to do with it, either are amazed that all their remonstrances and complaints are fruitless, or conceive that the whole race of the rich and titled are banded together for their deliberate destruction.

Thus it was now with Smithson and all his acquaintances. The tale that a general clearance was to be made of the wretched abodes of sin and destitution in the midst of which they lived, was true enough; but an utter and dense ignorance of the real social state of the country prevented them from making such representations in the right quarter as might have at least delayed the levelling process, till some tolerable provision were made for the hundreds of families so speedily to be ejected from their old homes. As to the little they knew by reading, it was confined to those vile periodicals, whether newspapers or magazines, tracts or tales, stamped or unstamped journals, which, while they irritate and madden the popular mind, destroy its last lingering principles of religion and morality, and leave it in absolute ignorance of those politics which they profess to expound.

Bitter, therefore, was the indignation, and deep the execrations, which spread through this doomed spot,

at the tidings of its speedy destruction. There was hardly a room in all its crowded floors where the story did not bring instant distress. Almost every landing accommodated two or three families, some given up to every species of villany and licentiousness, but the greater portion containing each at least one or two individuals whose daily bread depended upon their labours in various shops, warehouses, or factories.

"Where are we all to go?" was the instant and universal cry. Three-fourths of the more honest saw at once that they would instantly be thrown out of place, and made beggars, if they were sent forth to some distant suburb, or some part of town far away from their present lodgings. Hard as it ever was to find employment, it would now be harder than ever; and it was a question whether the greater part of them might not be turned adrift, through sheer inability to add a walk of three or four miles every night and morning to their already exhausting toils. Besides this, the tyranny, as they counted it, of the whole proceeding roused their anger. People think that a poor man has none of those peculiar attachments which distinguish the more favoured children of fortune. We fancy that the labouring mechanic and his family may be bandied about from lodging to lodging, from garret to cellar, with no loss to his little means, no addition to his present difficulties, and no violence to his habits of feeling and action. And true it is, alas! that extreme misery deadens in a degree the quick sensibilities of the heart; and thousands suffer till they scarcely know how to feel. Yet much remains of all that is sensitive in the feelings of the poor man; and he is rent with many a pang, in his intercourse with the world, which is never even suspected by those who inflict it either in thoughtlessness or in ignorance.

On the evening just named, Smithson was so much irritated by the apathy and immobility of his poor wife under this new addition to their grievances, that after a few angry words with her and with his daughter, he left the room and walked straight to a low coffee-house hard by, too popular among all people of his class. Seating himself in the coffee-room, he soon saw that the news he had heard was equally unpalatable to all the persons who were congregated along the narrow tables which crowded the apartment. Dark, dingy-looking mechanics, shoemakers, printers, and the like, joined with the more sturdy-looking draymen, porters, and bricklayers' labourers, in execrating the tyranny which thus swept away the dwellings of the poor. For them, of course, the prospect of new and noble streets had no charms. They were utterly unconscious that there was any thing offensive or mischievous in their filthy, dark, and crowded houses; and the moral curses of the place were to them the only things which redeemed life from its monotonous dullness, and gave them a knowledge of the fact that there is such a thing as enjoyment on the earth.

One man in particular took a lead in the warm discussion. A journeyman-watchmaker by trade, he had been given to reading from his boyhood, and his natural taste was fostered by a natural weakness of health, increased by close confinement in the workshop. Had he been gifted with more ability, he might have become a demagogue; as it was, he was only a firebrand. Holding in his hand one of the low Sunday newspapers, he read out to the room an exaggerated statement of the incomes of many of the English aristocracy, and the sums paid to the ministry of the day, contrasted with the cruelties practised in some country union workhouse, and with the half-starvation which is the lot of so many of the poor in large cities.

"And now," he went on, when he had finished reading, "they will turn us out from our miserable homes like dogs. Where am I to go to, I want to know? How am I to live, if I am turned off from my situation? I can't come here, day after day, from the other end of town, sick and ill as I am, and with my wife sick at home, and all my children whining and crying from morning till night, till her heart is broke. I shall lose my place; they are angry enough with me already, because they think I am a Chartist, and know how to stand up for my rights; and, for a single word, they will throw me off altogether."

"I declare to heaven," cried another man, "that it's now seven years since I knew what it was to be out

of debt. Bread is so dear, and wages so low, and there's such a terrible number of labouring men out of work, and ready to snatch the bread out of the mouth of those who've got it, that for seven years and more I have been always six months behind with my rent."

"Well for you," muttered an impudent-looking young vagabond on the other side of the table: "you can cut, and start afresh with a new landlord, and begin the world again."

"Ay, ay, youngster," replied the other; "but did you never hear of an execution? Don't you know that the moment this vile scheme gets wind, we shall have the landlords down upon us, and every man's bed will be seized to pay his rent before the rascals are sent to pull the houses about our ears?"

"That's more than true," interrupted another speaker, with a frightful asseveration; "twice already they have left me on the bare boards to starve and die, for all they cared. Look there," he went on, as he bared a long, half-withered arm, and shewed the marks of the surgeon's knife almost from the shoulder to the wrist; "that's what I got in the hospital, when I fell down from a ladder, and was taken up three parts dead. Thirteen weeks I stayed in the Middlesex; and when I came out, half-cured, for the doctors could do no more for me, what did I find? My wife gone for ever; she had forgotten and deserted me; my child dead; my chairs, and tables, and bedding sold, and I without one farthing in the world."

"And what then? what came to you next?" replied two or three voices at once.

"What then!" said the man; "why, what would you do, if you were turned adrift at fifty years of age? What *could* I do? You may guess what I did when I say I spent the three next years in gaol, and came out the blackest wretch that even a gaol ever sent forth. I did then what I do now," said he, lowering his voice to a fierce kind of whisper; "and that's what you'll all do, when these things have gone on a little longer. Some people call it thieving; I call it taking my own back again."

4. Misfortune and trial.

While all this went on in the coffee-house described, a far different scene was taking place between Mary Barlow and her unworthy lover.

"Well, Mary," said young Smithson, as he entered the room where she was sitting alone, her mother being gone out to buy some trifle or other; "well, Mary, you've heard the news, of course?"

"News!" said she; "no; what news is there to-day? Nothing very bad, I hope."

"That's as you choose to make it," he answered.

"As I choose? Why, what have I to do with it? How can I alter what has already happened?"

"You cannot alter what has happened," said Smithson; "but you can make it good news or bad news to me, at any rate."

"Do explain what you mean," entreated Mary.

"Not till you have made a solemn promise, Mary. When will you be my wife?"

"I cannot say," replied the young girl, a little agitated.

"Why not?" said Smithson, somewhat harshly.

"You know why it is, Henry; you know I cannot leave my mother alone and wretched. You know that, if it was not for the few shillings I earn, she would starve; and besides that, I *could* not leave her without a friend in the world."

"Nonsense," cried he, impatiently; "why should she starve? Can't she go to the Union at once? Is there nobody else in the world besides her who have girls that want to marry, and don't complain when they leave them to make the best of it?"

"Really, dear Henry," she said in a gentle voice, soothing his increasing impatience, "it is not fair to say this. You know I have never *promised* at all to be your wife. We must wait before we settle any thing; we must indeed. But now do tell me what all this is that has happened."

"Only that this house is to be pulled down before three weeks is over, and you are all to be turned out upon the world. Will you marry me now, Mary?"

"God will help us," was her only reply. The poor girl was nearly stricken dumb with surprise and distress. All her difficulties rose up in a cloud before her mind; she thought of her helpless mother, and her own youth, ignorance, and timidity; all that she knew of the world taught her to dread it. Her fancy then turned to the little room in the ready-made linen warehouse, where she was in the habit of taking her needlework to be inspected, and the hard, cold face of the man who engaged her, and paid her scanty earnings. She foresaw that trouble was upon her; for to her, who had been born in the very room where she was sitting, ejection from her old home seemed equivalent to being cast upon a desert. Yet her calm faith in the protecting hand of God triumphed, after a few minutes' struggle; and she had not, in her heart of hearts, the shadow of a doubt that all would be well, however bitterly painful to endure.

Her lover saw her distress, and probably taking it for a wavering of purpose, eagerly began pressing his suit again. But in vain; he could extract nothing from her, but repeated assurances of her affection, and her steadfast determination never to marry, unless she could secure a home for her mother. The only effect that his vehement reproaches produced was the very reverse he had expected; for the first thought then dawned upon her, that it might not be safe to trust to Smithson's promises, even if he consented to take her mother to live with them when they should marry. Until now he had always held out on the point, hoping to get his way at last, and being not yet sufficiently lost to all good feelings as to deceive deliberately the woman he loved. But now passion and vexation got the better of honest caution, and he came round so readily to agree that Mrs. Barlow should be their constant companion, that a doubt of his sincerity flashed like lightning over Mary's unsuspecting soul, and from that moment she began to thank God that she had never irrevocably bound herself to be the bride of Henry Smithson.

"You do not love me, Mary," was the angry young man's last retort to her gentle expostulations. Like all people who cannot gain their ends, he began laying the blame upon the motives of her who resisted him. "If you did, you would not use me so. You love your mother a thousand times better than you do me, or else you never would have deceived me in this way."

"Deceived you, Henry?" said Mary, in unfeigned surprise.

"Yes, deceived me," he angrily answered; "you are mocking me, and driving me wild with your folly. What nonsense is this; what do you love me for, if you will never be my wife?"

The poor girl could only bury her face in her hands, and weep, as her cruel tormentor went on with his reproaches. Her tears at first gave him hope that she would yield; but finding her immovable, he was only the more enraged, and terrified her still further with his reckless violence of language. To what excesses he might have at length worked himself up, it is not possible to say, for a loud cry in the street below startled him in the midst of his fury, and both he and Mary instinctively rushed to the window to look out and see the cause of the scream. The dull, drizzling sleet of a raw London evening was rapidly setting in; and nothing was visible but a crowd surrounding a horse and cart, while nothing could be heard but a confused murmur of voices raised in anger, and exclamations of pity.

"Run, run, Henry," cried Mary, when she remembered that her mother would probably be about this time finding her way home, and that her increasing infirmities and fading sight ill fitted her to struggle through an excited crowd,—"Run, and see for mother. Pray, pray go," she implored him, as he shewed a disposition to make terms with her before obeying her wishes. And long perhaps she might have entreated, when a fresh cry rose through the vapoury air, so manifestly proceeding from a woman in deep suffering, that the young man's heart relented, and he strode hastily down stairs, while Mary sunk into a chair, and pressed her hand against her breast, in vain attempts to still the beating of her palpitating heart.

A few minutes revealed to her the cause of the disturbance, and the person who had raised that piercing cry.

[To be continued.]

Reviews.

The Life and Adventures of Oliver Goldsmith. A Biography: in Four Books. By John Forster, author of the "Lives of Statesmen of the Commonwealth." London, Bradbury and Evans; and Chapman and Hall.

WE cannot help wondering how far the pictorial mania is to extend itself. We do not mean the actual picture-book propensity, which is flooding our literature, from the broad newspaper sheet to the twopenny tract, with an endless stream of woodcuts, borders, and vignettes, of every conceivable form and quality; but the pictorial way of telling a story. Since Carlyle painted the French Revolution in that series of brilliant historical sketches, which is perhaps the most characteristic specimen that we possess of the staring "illuminated" style of narrative, which makes people see instead of think; we have observed a progressive *penchant* in our literary men for what they call the picturesque species of composition. From the most glaring daub to the most delicately-tinted outline, we have seen examples of every variety of this picture-composition, until the world of readers is beginning to have less need of using its brains than its eyes, in the contemplation of the events of our own and of past times.

Mr. Forster has here given us what we must call a pictorial life of Oliver Goldsmith. The affectation of the title, indeed, prepared us for something of the kind; and we hardly knew whether to look for fiction or for truth in this big book of 700 pages. The production has, in truth, many merits, but we confess we do not like the *tout ensemble*. It is too much of a mixture of the moralising, the instructive, the pictorial, the sentimental, the romantic, the lackadaisical, the intensely compassionate and benevolent, and so forth, to please our somewhat fastidious tastes. We don't like to be eternally lectured by a biographer. We don't like these never-ending semi-rhapsodical discourses, in which are interweaved (not always with the best skill) the facts of the poor poet's life. We cannot stand the mawkish morality which esteems the aberrations of genius as of a more noble character than the aberrations of stupidity; or enter into the fictitious fits of indignation with which posterity is wont to revile the memory of those who have treated a young scapegrace with severity, merely because the said scapegrace wrote some divine poetry or other in his after years. We do not doubt that Milton richly deserved the flogging he got at Oxford, and Shelley the expulsion which banished him from the same learned seat; we have no hesitation in saying, any fears of a future Forster's biographical wrath notwithstanding, that we should have visited a juvenile Goldsmith with the due severity of academic discipline, had it been our lot to have possessed power in Dublin when he played his pranks in the metropolis of Ireland.

In a word, there is a vast amount of fiddle-faddle in this otherwise entertaining and elaborate life. Mr. Forster seldom writes about his hero with his full senses about him. He lives in a dreamy atmosphere, imagining that the future *Deserted Village* and the *Vicar of Wakefield* invested their author with such a mysterious halo of light, that he ought to have got through the world on other principles than those which rule the destinies of ordinary mortals. We are hard hearted enough to count the rhapsodies that are uttered about men of genius, to be very often an intolerable nuisance; and are disposed to laugh when our author fain would have us most deeply affected, even to tears.

Take a specimen of Mr. Forster's *unreal* way of writing. Goldsmith, in his distress, wanted to obtain a certificate from Surgeons' Hall to qualify him for holding the somewhat inferior office of mate to a hospital. As we cannot wonder, he was rejected; and thereupon gave up all thoughts of physic, and took immediately to literature, as his only hope. Upon this, Mr. Forster forthwith flies off at a tangent. "Honour to that Court of Examiners, I say," he exclaims, "to the end of time! They found him not qualified to be a surgeon's mate, and left him qualified to heal the wounds and abridge the sufferings of all the world. 'A man who has any kind of vigour,' said Johnson, 'can walk to the

east as well as to the west, if he happens to turn his head that way.' Honour to the Court of Examiners, that, whether he would or would not, they turned back his head to the east! The hopes and promises of the world have a perpetual spring-time there; and Goldsmith was hereafter to enjoy them, briefly for himself, but for the world eternally."

What stuff is this! It is the most gratuitous piece of enthusiasm that *littérateur* ever penned in fictitious frenzy. "Honour to that Court of Examiners!" Fiddlestick! Goldsmith was an idle dog, and deserved to be plucked; and there is an end of it. Mr. Forster, however, would have us think that there is a necessary connexion between destitution and good books; and that Goldsmith could never have conceived and painted a Doctor Primrose, if he had earned money enough to pay his washerwoman. Oh, that the Forsters and Carlyles, and all the devotees of the intense and pictorial style of writing, would learn a lesson from the inimitable simplicity, the quiet truth and natural energy, of Oliver Goldsmith himself!

The great merit of Mr. Forster's biography is that he has given life to the stiff proprieties of Prior's dry account of the poet's vicissitudes, and has mixed up with the facts of his existence, sketches of many little incidents and peculiarities of the times, which illustrate the career of his hero, and tend to shew him in his true colours. Now and then his own observations and reflections are very much to the purpose, and were they freely pruned, would be as pleasing as they are now generally wearisome. We must also add, that though Mr. Forster's style is sometimes odd, queer, laboured, pretending, and at times utterly ungrammatical (inasmuch as we know of no laws of English grammar which permit the formation of sentences without a verb, either expressed or understood), yet, on the whole, it is English rather than German, and that the big words do not very much preponderate over the little ones. On the whole, the work is certainly *the* Life of Goldsmith, both for matter, and for its pretty little woodcuts, and irreproachable typography. No man can say that its author has not worked vigorously at his subject, or omitted to learn all that he could about it, or that he has written with any lack of *gusto* or zeal.

A few extracts bearing upon the most momentous or entertaining events in the poet's chequered days, will place Mr. Forster's labours in the most pleasing light. The following is the tale of his great University scrape, and of the strange tutorial chastisement he received:

"A scholar had been arrested, and the students resolved to take rough revenge. It was in the summer of 1747. They explored every bailiff's den in Dublin, found the offender by whom the arrest was made, brought him naked to the college-pump, washed his delinquency thoroughly out of him, and were so elated with the triumph—and all law, all restraint, and all authority, looked so ludicrous in the person of their miserable drenched representative—that it was on the spot proposed to crown and consummate success by breaking open Newgate, and making a general jail delivery. The *Black Dog*, as the prison was called, stood on the feeblest of legs, and with one small piece of artillery must have gone down for ever; but the cannon was with the constable, the assailants were repulsed, and some townsmen, attracted by the fray, unhappily lost their lives. Five of the ringleaders were discovered, and expelled the college; and among five lesser offenders, who were publicly admonished for being present, 'aiding and abetting,' the name of Oliver Goldsmith occurs.

"More galled by formal University admonition than by Wilder's insults, and anxious to wipe out a disgrace that seemed not so undeserved, Goldsmith tried next month for a scholarship. He lost the scholarship, but got an exhibition: a very small exhibition truly, worth some thirty shillings, of which there were nineteen in number, and his was seventeenth in the list. It was trifling enough; but, little used to any thing in the shape of even such a success, he let loose his unaccustomed joy in a small dancing party at his rooms, of humblest sort.

"Wilder heard of the affront to discipline, suddenly shewed himself in the middle of the festivity, and knocked down the poor triumphant exhibitioner. It seemed an irretrievable disgrace. Goldsmith sold his books next day; got together a trifling sum; ran away from college; lingered fearfully about Dublin till his money was spent; and then, with a shilling in his pocket, set out for Cork. He did not know where he would have gone, he said, but he thought of America. For three days

he lived upon the shilling; parted by degrees with nearly all his clothes to save himself from famine; and long afterwards told Sir Joshua Reynolds, that of all the exquisite meals he had ever tasted, the most delicious was a handful of grey peas given him by a girl at a wake, after twenty-four hours' fasting. The vision of America sank before this reality, and he turned his feeble steps to Lissoy. His brother had private intimation of his state, went to him, clothed him, and carried him back to college. 'Something of a reconciliation,' say the biographers, was effected with the tutor. Probably the tutor promised not to strike him to the ground again. Certainly no other improvement is on record."

It is nothing new to say, that Goldsmith, like hundreds of authors,—we fear we must add, like most of them,—was ever behind-hand with his work. Mr. Forster tells many a tale of his procrastinations, followed by overwrought toils. On one occasion he could be brought to write only by being locked-up by the impatient bibliopole.

"The landlady of Green Arbour Court remembered one festivity there, which seems to have been highly characteristic. A 'gentleman' called on a certain evening, and asking to see her lodger, went unannounced up stairs. She then heard Goldsmith's room-door pushed open, closed again sharply from within, and the key turned in the lock; after this, the sound of a somewhat noisy altercation reached her; but it soon subsided; and to her surprise, not unmingled with alarm, the perfect silence that followed continued for more than three hours. It was a great relief to her, she said, when the door was again opened, and the 'gentleman,' descending more cheerfully than he had entered, sent her out to a neighbouring tavern for some supper. Mr. Wilkie or Mr. Pottinger had obtained his arrears, and could afford a little comforting reward to the starving author."

Like many another poor author too, half by compulsion, half by inclination, his personal slovenliness contributed not a little to prevent his rising in the estimation of a class who counted a thread-bare coat the most suspicious token of a doubtful character. Goldsmith's wardrobe, indeed, was a *salmagundi* of rags and finery, alternating between dingy, worn-out garments, and all the staring splendour in which Tailor Filby could invest him. We question, indeed, whether there exists another biography in which a poet's tailor figures so frequently as in the life before us. The very bills for clothes at times serve the purpose of confirmatory documents. Yet for long time, the sloven so habitually predominated over the *beau*, that even Johnson thought it necessary to set him an example of tidiness.

"Percy called to take up Johnson at Inner Temple Lane, and found him, to his great astonishment, in a marked condition of cleanliness and neatness; without his rusty brown suit or his soiled shirt, his loose knee-breeches, his unbuckled shoes, or his old little shrivelled unpowdered wig; and not at all likely, as Miss Reynolds tells us his fashion in these days was, to be mistaken for a beggarman. He had been seen in no such respectable garb since he appeared behind Garrick's scenes on the first of the nine nights of *Irene*, in a scarlet gold-laced waistcoat, and rich gold-laced hat. 'In fact,' says Percy, 'he had on a new suit of clothes, a new wig nicely powdered, and every thing so dissimilar from his usual habits, that I could not resist the impulse of inquiring the cause of such rigid regard in him to exterior appearance. 'Why, sir,' he answered, 'I hear that Goldsmith, who is a very great sloven, justifies his disregard of cleanliness and decency by quoting my practice; and I am desirous this night to shew him a better example.' The example was not lost, as extracts from tailors' bills will shortly shew; and the anecdote, which offers pleasant proof of the interest already felt by Johnson for his new acquaintance, is our only record connected with that memorable supper. It had no Boswell-historian, and is gone into oblivion. But the friendship which dates from it will never pass away."

Some of the pleasantest bits in Mr. Forster's Life are the sketches he now and then gives of Goldsmith's friends and connexions, or the great and little people who came across his path. All these help to perfect the portrait of the hero, and not, like the long-winded political narratives of which Mr. Forster gives us too many, to distract the reader's attention from his form and features. The account of the institution of the famous Literary Club introduces some of these episodes; among the rest, a not very flattering picture of Sir J. Hawkins.

"Goldsmith's claim to enter it (the club) would seem to have been somewhat canvassed, at first, by one of the members.

'As he wrote for the booksellers,' says Hawkins, 'we at the club looked on him as a mere literary drudge, equal to the task of compiling and translating, but little capable of original, and still less of poetical composition: he had, nevertheless, unknown to us' . . . I need not anticipate what it was that so startled Hawkins with its unknown progress: the reader has already intimation of it. It is, however, more than probable, whatever may have been thought of Goldsmith's drudgery, that this extremely low estimate of his capacity was limited to Mr. Hawkins, whose opinions were seldom popular with the other members of the club. Early associations clung hard to Johnson, and, for the sake of these, Hawkins was borne with to the last; but in the newly-formed society, even Johnson admitted him to be out of place. Neither in habits nor opinions did he harmonise with the rest. He had been an attorney for many years, affecting literary tastes, and dabbling in music at the Madrigal Club; but, four years before the present, so large a fortune had fallen to him in right of his wife, that he withdrew from the law, and lived and judged with severe propriety as a Middlesex magistrate. Within two years he will be elected Chairman of the Sessions; in seven years more will be made a knight; and in four years after that, will deliver himself of five quarto volumes of a History of Music, in the slow and laborious conception of which he is already painfully engaged. Altogether, his existence was a kind of pompous, parsimonious, insignificant drawl, cleverly ridiculed by one of the wits in an absurd epitaph: 'Here lies Sir John Hawkins, Without his shoes and stauckins.' One of his favourite themes was the improvidence of what he called sentimental writers, at the head of whom he placed the author of *Tom Jones*; a book which he charged with having 'corrupted the rising generation, and sapped the foundation of that morality which it is the duty of parents and all public instructors to inculcate in the minds of young people.' This was his common style of talk. Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne, he looked upon as 'stuff'; and for the three last, as men 'whose necessities and abilities were nearly commensurate,' he had a special contempt. As Chairman of Quarter Sessions, what other judgment could he be expected to have of them? Being men of loose principles, he would say, bad economists, and living without foresight, 'it is their endeavour to commute for their failings by professions of greater love to mankind, more tender affections, and finer feelings, than they will allow men of more regular lives, whom they deem formalists, to possess.' With a man of such regular life, denouncing woe to loose characters that should endeavour to commute their failings, poor Goldsmith had naturally little chance; and it fared as ill with the rest of the club when questions of 'economy' or 'foresight' came up. Mr. Hawkins, after the first four meetings, begged to be excused his share of the reckoning, on the ground that he did not partake of the supper. 'And was he excused?' asked Doctor Burney, when Johnson told him of the incident many years after. 'Oh, yes,' was the reply, 'for no man is angry at another for being inferior to himself. We all scorned him, and admitted his plea. Yet I really believe him,' pursued Johnson, characteristically, 'to be an honest man at the bottom; though to be sure he is penurious, and he is mean, and it must be owned he has a tendency to savageness.' It was this latter tendency which caused his early secession from the club. He was not a member for more than two or three years. His own account is, that he withdrew because its late hours were inconsistent with his domestic arrangements: but the fact was, says Boswell, that he one evening attacked Mr. Burke in so rude a manner, that all the company testified their displeasure; and at their next meeting his reception was such that he never came again."

With Mr. Forster's thoughts on the publication of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, we, for the present, conclude.

"It is not necessary that any critical judgment should be here gone into, of the merits or the defects of this charming tale. Every one is familiar with the *Vicar of Wakefield*. We read it in youth and in age. We return to it, as Walter Scott has said, again and again; 'and we bless the memory of an author who contrives so well to reconcile us to human nature.' With its ease of style, its turns of thought so whimsical yet wise, and the humour and wit which sparkle freshly through its narrative, we have all of us profitably amused the idle or the vacant hour; from year to year we have had its tender or mirthful incidents, its forms so homely in their beauty, its pathos and its comedy, given back to us from the canvass of our Wilkies, Newtons, and Stothards, our Leslies, Maclises, and Mulreadys: but not in those graces of style, or even in that home-cherished gallery of familiar faces, can the secret of its extraordinary fascination be said to consist. It lies nearer the heart. A something which has found its way *there*; which, while it amused, has made us happier; which, gently inweaving itself with our habits of thought, has increased our good humour and charity; which, insensibly it may be, has corrected wilful impatiences of temper, and made the world's daily accidents easier and kinder to us all: somewhat thus should be expressed, I think, the

charm of the *Vicar of Wakefield*. It is our first pure example of the simple domestic novel. Though wide as it was various, and most minutely as well as broadly marked with passion, incident, and character, the field selected by Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett for the exercise of their genius and display of their powers, had hardly included this. Nor is it likely that Goldsmith would himself have chosen it, if his leading object had been to write a book. Rather as a refuge from the writing of books was this book undertaken. Simple to very baldness are the materials employed. But he threw into the midst of them his own nature; his actual experience; the suffering, discipline, and sweet emotion, of his chequered life; and so made them a lesson and a delight to all men."

Memoirs of the Reign of George the Second, from his Accession to the Death of Queen Caroline. By John, Lord Hervey. Edited from the original ms. at Ickworth, by the Right Hon. J. W. Croker. London, Murray.

THIS is just one of those books which we are very glad to have and to read, but which make us rejoice that our lot is cast in the middle of the nineteenth, and not of the eighteenth century. Those who imagine that vice is on the *increase* in this country should read such memoirs as those now first published by Mr. Croker, and written by the celebrated, acute, and profligate Lord Hervey. What they are in Christian principle and common decency, may be judged from the fact, that the editor, though not one of the most fastidious of literary men, has deemed it right to omit certain portions, and to substitute the language of modest men for the grossness of expression which too frequently defiles the original of the witty peer. As they stand, therefore, they may be read without disgust, except at the habitually recognised sentiments of the time, and at the court at which Lord Hervey figured. The principle on which Mr. Croker has acted we think essentially sound and justifiable; for nothing is lost which is worth knowing, and the reader rises from the volumes with as clear and complete a conception of the personages and events which they depict, as if the manuscript had been presented in all its native and revolting coarseness.

The manuscript itself, however, did not come into the present editor's hands precisely the same as it was left by Lord Hervey. It presents occasional chasms, occasioned by the zeal, or timidity, or courtiership, or feeling for propriety, of former possessors, who have here and there destroyed several sheets, which appear to have contained additional details of the dissensions of George the Second's family, or other matters in no way creditable to the noble author, or to the subjects of his gossiping narrations. At the same time, these omissions do not seem to be of very much importance, or to have materially diminished the historical value of the memoirs, as abundance is left to shew, or rather to shew up, the court and all its members, the King, Queen, and Princesses, the Prime Minister, and the writer of the tale to boot. Everywhere also that the original ms. has been cancelled, an indication is given of the extent of the omission; and the context generally telling pretty plainly the subject-matter of what is gone, we suspect the *hiatus* is not often *valde deflendus*.

Lord Hervey was the son of John, first Earl of Bristol; his mother was of the Suffolk family. The father was a man of respectability, and of what the editor considers eminent Christian piety. He was also a man of considerable natural ability and acquired accomplishments. He was a Revolution Whig, and, in public, a supporter of Sir Robert Walpole. The son was an unprincipled man of wit, pleasure, and literary tastes; a courtier to boot, and a statesman, at least in intention. As a young man, he ingratiated himself with Frederick, Prince of Wales, when he resided at Hanover, and afterwards devoted himself to the gaieties of English fashionable life, and married the Miss Lepell whose praises are sounded by Pope, Churchill, and all the chief poets, literary men, and versifiers of the day. In 1725, Lord Hervey was elected member for Bury; but he never attained much eminence in the House, and for a long time reached no higher station than that of Vice-Chamberlain; though, in 1733, Sir Robert Walpole gave him a seat in the Lords. In the end he was made Lord Privy Seal.

He was throughout a valetudinarian, and finally subject to epileptic fits, while his principles, so to call them, more than verged on professed scepticism. In the middle and after-part of his life he was involved in pamphleteering, and pamphleteering squabbles, and had a violent paper-war, in coarse and scurrilous verse, with Pope. Some of Pope's attacks were as disgusting as virulent. He died in 1743, leaving a reputation for possessing, more than any other of his kindred, those peculiarities of character which gave birth to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's division of the human species into "men, women, and Herveys."

The memoirs before us are among the most valuable contributions to the secret life of an English court which our literature, less fertile in such subjects than the French, possesses. Mr. Croker calls Lord Hervey the *Boswell* of George the Second and Queen Caroline, but without the original Boswell's good nature. He was bitter, cold-hearted, selfish, with the feelings in respect to his fellow-creatures which might be expected from one who was at once an invalid, a *roué*, and a sceptic. The memoirs themselves are full of amusement and information, and will serve not a little to complete, or correct, the notions we have been wont to entertain of the men and manners of a court which was characterised by a want of principle scarcely second to the profligacy of the reign of Charles the Second, though wanting in the brilliancy and wit of that gay and godless day. The ability, acuteness, and worldly tact of the author are every where apparent, and not the least so in the skill with which he contrives to describe his own conduct and his own feelings, when he introduces himself (which he always does in the third person) as an actor in the scene.

The plan of the memoirs (as far as they have any, and are not professedly discursive) is a continuous record of the chief political events of the time, so far as history was in those days supposed to extend. It tells the story of parliamentary squabbles, political intrigues, disasters, and successes, foreign negotiations, foreign wars, and royal management and mismanagement. Upon this web is interwoven the record of Lord Hervey's personal experiences at court, and with the ministers and great men of the day. The latter portion is the most amusing and interesting, and also the most valuable; for while the former gives little more in the way of public news than every well-informed student of English history knows already, the latter is the report of a most observant eye-witness, who paints in broad and vivid colours the very scenes that passed before his own eyes. Allowing for the cold-hearted cynicism of the writer, and the astounding state of morals, or rather of the want of moral principle in those who were themselves comparatively intact, these volumes are unquestionably among the most entertaining episodes of history which this age, so fertile in the publication of dormant manuscripts, has yet produced.

We shall to-day give our readers a few of our author's portraits, reserving his domestic scenes, tableaux, and witticisms, for another occasion. May it never be our fate to be handed down to posterity, or to be described to our contemporaries, by a pen so bitter, so caustic, so unconscious of the charitable and the sympathising! In the case of the people here described, however, there seems little doubt that Lord Hervey only told the truth, when he lashed them with his characteristic saturnine severity. First in order must come King George the Second himself. Who can wonder that after such a Germanised sovereign, the *Anglicanism* of George the Third won the hearts of the nation?

"Whilst the late King lived, everybody imagined this Prince loved England and hated Germany; but from the time of his first journey, after he was King, to Hanover, people began to find, if they had not been deceived in their former opinion, at least they would be so in their expectations; and that his thoughts, whatever they might have been, were no longer turned either with contempt or dislike to his electoral dominions. But after this last journey Hanover had so completed the conquest of his affections, that there was nothing English ever commended in his presence that he did not always shew, or pretend to shew, was surpassed by something of the same kind in Germany. No English or even French cook could dress a dinner; no English confectioner set out a dessert; no English player

could act; no English coachman could drive, or English jockey ride; nor were any English horses fit to be drove or fit to be ridden; no Englishman knew how to come into a room, nor any Englishwoman how to dress herself; nor were there any diversions in England, public or private; nor any man or woman in England whose conversation was to be borne—the one, as he said, talking of nothing but their dull politics, and the others of nothing but their ugly clothes. Whereas at Hanover all these things were in the utmost perfection: the men were patterns of politeness, bravery, and gallantry; the women of beauty, wit, and entertainment; his troops there were the bravest in the world, his counsellors the wisest, his manufacturers the most ingenious, his subjects the happiest; and at Hanover, in short, plenty reigned, magnificence resided, arts flourished, diversions abounded, riches flowed, and everything was in the utmost perfection that contributes to make a prince great or a people blessed.

"Forced from that magnificent delightful dwelling to return again to this mean dull island, it was no wonder, since these were his notions of them, that he felt as great a change in his humour as in his enjoyments; and that frowns should take the place of smiles upon his countenance, when regret had taken that of pleasure in his heart. But as everybody who came near him, in any calling (except just that of a common courtier in his public circle at the levee or the drawing-room), had some share of his *bilious temper* at this time, so what every body knew and everybody felt, everybody talked of and everybody confessed; for, by a practice very uncommon in courts, people, instead of hiding with shame the snubs they received from their master, bragged of them in mirth; and, by finding these distinctions so general, revealed in sport those affronts which, had they been more particular, the objects of them would have concealed in sorrow.

"In truth he hated the English, looked upon them all as king-killers and republicans, grudged them their riches as well as their liberty, thought them all over-paid, and said to Lady Sundon one day as she was waiting at dinner, just after he returned from Germany, that he was forced to distribute his favours here very differently from the manner in which he bestowed them at Hanover; that there he rewarded people for doing their duty and serving him well, but that here he was obliged to enrich people for being rascals, and buy them not to cut his throat."

Queen Caroline has hitherto enjoyed a pretty tolerable reputation among historians. We have fancied that because she patronised bishops, she loved religion; and that she governed her husband, at least through decent means, if not always the most honourable and the most open. Lord Hervey, her *friend*, has exposed her in her true colours, and demolished her fair fame for ever. Again and again in these pages we have the story of her managing the king, actually by arranging his affairs with his mistresses to his own taste, and carrying on a correspondence with him on the subject of his amours. Such letters on such topics surely never before passed between a husband and a wife, and make us despise the latter as much as we are disgusted with the former. We spare our readers the letters and the conversations between the royal pair, and the diplomatic scheming conducted by the Queen with Lord Hervey and Sir Robert Walpole on this most abominable of all matters for intrigue, and content ourselves with the portrait of Queen Caroline herself.

"The Queen did not always think in a different style of the English, though she kept her thoughts more to herself than the King, as being more prudent, more sensible, and more mistress of her passions; yet even she could not entirely disguise these sentiments to the observation of those who were perpetually about her, and put her upon subjects that betrayed her into revealing them.

"I have heard her at different times speak with great indignation against assertors of the people's rights; have heard her call the King, not without some despite, the humble servant of the Parliament—the pensioner of his people—a puppet of sovereignty, that was forced to go to them for every shilling he wanted, that was obliged to court those who were always abusing him, and could do nothing of himself. And once added, that a good deal of that liberty that made them so insolent, if she could do it, should be much abridged; nor was it possible for the best prince in the world to be very solicitous to procure benefits for subjects that never cared to trust him. At other times she was more upon her guard: I have heard her say she wondered how the English could imagine that any sensible prince would take away their liberty if he could. '*Mon Dieu!*' she cried, 'what a figure would this poor island make in Europe if it were not for its government! It is its excellent free government that makes all its inhabitants industrious, as they know

that what they get nobody can take from them; it is its free government, too, that makes foreigners send their money hither, because they know it is secure, and that the prince cannot touch it: and since it is its freedom to which this kingdom owes everything that makes it great, what prince, who had his senses, and knew that his own greatness depended on the greatness of the country over which he reigned, would wish to take away what made both him and them considerable? I had as lief,' added she, 'be Elector of Hanover as King of England, if the government was the same. *Qui diable* that had anything else, would take you all, or think you worth having, if you had not your liberties? Your island might be a very pretty thing in that case for Bridgeman and Kent to cut out into gardens; but, for the figure it would make in Europe, it would be of no more consequence here in the west than Madagascar in the east: and for this reason—as impudent and as insolent as you all are with your troublesome liberty—your princes, if they are sensible, will rather bear with your impertinences than cure them—a way that would lessen their influence in Europe full as much as it would increase their power at home.'

"But, at the very moment her Majesty was uttering these truths, the love of rule, the thirst of dominion, and the jealousy of prerogative, were so strongly implanted in her—the German and the Queen so rooted in her mind—that the King himself had not more at heart all the trappings and pageantry of sovereignty than she the essential parts of it; nor could she more easily brook any checks to the authority of the Crown than he any contradiction to his opinion."

Lord Hervey's darkest tints are reserved for Frederick, Prince of Wales, the father of George III. They most cordially hated one another, and had the Prince possessed the ability and the inclination to paint the picture of the Peer, we should doubtless have had full justice done to the noble author of these memoirs.

"When I have mentioned the Prince's temper," says Lord Harvey, "it is the single ray of light I can throw on his character to gild the otherwise universal blackness that belongs to it; and it is surprising how any character made up of so many contradictions should never have the good fortune to have stumbled (*par contre-coup* at least) upon any one virtue; but as every vice has its opposite vice as well as its opposite virtue, so this heap of iniquity, to complete at once its uniformity in vice in general, as well as its contradictions in particular vices, like variety of poisons,—whether hot or cold, sweet or bitter,—was still poison, and had never an antidote.

"The contradictions he was made up of were these:—He was at once both *false* and *sincere*; he was false by principle, and sincere from weakness, trying always to disguise the truths he ought not to have concealed, and from his levity discovering those he ought never to have suffered to escape him; so that he never told the truth when he pretended to confide, and was for ever telling the most improper and dishonest truths when anybody else had confided in him.

"He was at once both lavish and avaricious, and always both in the wrong place, and without the least ray of either of the virtues often concomitant with these vices; for he was profuse without liberality, and avaricious without economy. He was equally addicted to the weakness of making many friends and many enemies, for there was nobody too low or too bad for him to court, nor nobody too great or too good for him to betray.

"He desired without love, could laugh without being pleased, and weep without being grieved; for which reason his mistresses never were fond of him, his companions never pleased with him, and those he seemed to commiserate never relieved by him. When he aimed at being merry in company, it was in so tiresome a manner that his mirth was to real cheerfulness what wet wood is to a fire, that damps the flame it is brought to feed.

"His irresolution would make him take anybody's advice who happened to be with him; so that jealousy of being thought to be influenced (so prevalent in weak people and consequently those who are most influenced) always made him say something depreciating to the next comer of him that advised him last.

"With these qualifications, true to nobody, and seen through by everybody, it is easy to imagine nobody had any regard for him: what regard, indeed, was it possible anybody could have for a man who had no truth in his words, no justice in his inclination, no integrity in his commerce, no sincerity in his professions, no stability in his attachments, no sense in his conversation, no dignity in his behaviour, and no judgment in his conduct?

"Neither the Queen nor Princess Caroline loved the Prince, and yet both of them had by fits a *reste* of management for his character, which made them, though they were very ready to allow all his bad qualities, mix now and then some good ones, which he had very little pretence to. They used to say that he was not such a fool as one took him for; that he was not wise

neither; that he could sometimes be very amusing, though often very *ennuyant*; and that in everything he was made up of such odd contradictions, that he would do the meanest, the lowest, and the dirtiest things about money, and at other times the most generous; that his heart was like his head, both bad and good; and that he very often seemed to have a worse heart than he really had, by being a knave when he thought he was only avoiding the character of being a dupe; and by doing things to people without reflecting enough on what he was doing, to know he was hurting them so much as he really did. Lord Hervey said that was an excuse one might make at any time, without a possibility of being disproved, for any action in anybody; but that if he saw any one of thirty years old picking out people's eyes with a pair of scissors, it would be very difficult for a stander-by to persuade him that the person who was performing that operation thought he was paring their nails. The Queen said that would indeed, she believed, be something difficult; but if, in paring their nails, he only cut into the finger a little, one might sure imagine that wounding the flesh was accident, and that in reality he only thought of cutting their nails too close to scratch him; 'and this I firmly believe was sometimes the case. When he betrayed you, laughed at Dodington, and gave up Lord Chesterfield, he was certainly very false to every one of you, one after another; but when he was so, he thought of nothing more than clearing himself of the suspicion one might have of his being weak enough to be governed.'"

Now let us see what is said of the rest of the royal family, the Princess Royal and her husband the Prince of Orange, and the Princesses Emily and Caroline. When the Prince of Orange arrived in England to marry the Princess Royal,

"The Queen desired Lord Hervey the instant he returned to come directly to her apartment, and let her know without disguise what sort of hideous animal she was to prepare herself to see. Lord Hervey, when he came back, assured her he had not found him near so bad as he had imagined; that she must not expect to see an Adonis, that his body was as bad as possible, but that his countenance was far from disagreeable, and his address sensible, engaging, and noble; that he seemed entirely to forget his person, and to have an understanding to make other people forget it too.

"Lord Hervey said he fancied the Princess must be in a good deal of anxiety; but the Queen told him he was extremely mistaken, that she was in her own apartment at her harpsichord with some of the opera people, and that she had been as easy all that afternoon as she had ever seen her in her life. 'For my part,' said the Queen, 'I never said the least word to encourage her to this marriage or to dissuade her from it; the King left her, too, absolutely at liberty to accept or reject it; but as she thought the King looked upon it as a proper match, and one which, if she could bear his person, he should not dislike, she said she was resolved, if it was a monkey, she would marry him.'

"From the Queen Lord Hervey went to the Princesses, who were very impatient for a description of their new brother-in-law, and asked if they were more likely to have a true one from his being in the same town than they were from one who had only seen him in Holland. The Princess Royal's behaviour next day, and indeed every day, with the eyes of the whole nation upon her, was something marvellous for propriety, sense, and good breeding. The Monday following was the day fixed for the ceremony; but the Prince being taken ill of a fever the day before, it was put off. He continued ill a long time; was thought at first in immediate danger, and for a considerable time in a languishing condition from which it was impossible he should ever recover. * * *

"Princess Emily had much the least sense, except her brother, of the family, but had for two years much the prettiest person. She was lively, false, and a great liar; did many ill offices to people, and no good ones; and, for want of prudence, said as many shocking things to their faces, as for want of good nature or truth she said disagreeable ones behind their backs. She had as many enemies as acquaintances, for nobody knew without disliking her.

"Lord Hervey was very ill with her: she had first used him ill, to flatter her brother, which of course had made him not use her very well; and the preference on every occasion he gave her sister, the Princess Caroline, completed their mutual dislike. Princess Caroline had affability without meanness, dignity without pride, cheerfulness without levity, and prudence without falsehood."

To this family group we must add the Princess Royal's very filial opinion of her father, here preserved for imitation by all dutiful children:

"The following passage, evidently a fragment of a somewhat undutiful criticism of the Princess Royal on her father, appears

in the MS., but the words that should have connected it with the text are lost:—

“ * * * his giving himself airs of gallantry; the impossibility of being easy with him; his affectation of heroism; his unreasonable, simple, uncertain, disagreeable, and often shocking behaviour to the Queen; the difficulty of entertaining him; his insisting upon people's conversation who were to entertain him being always new, and his own being always the same thing over and over again; in short, all his weaknesses, all his errors, and all his faults were the topics upon which at Kensington, the summer after she was married (when she was most with Lord Hervey), she was for ever expatiating.”

Having given the daughter's thoughts on the father, let us add Sir Robert Walpole's opinion of the thoughts of the son towards the mother, with which we must conclude for to-day:

“ But, sir,” continued Lord Hervey, “ there is one very material point in which I differ from you, and that is concerning the influence the Queen would have over the Prince if ever he came to be King; I am far from believing her interest there would be so low as you imagine.” “ Zounds, my Lord,” interrupted Sir Robert, very eagerly, “ he would tear the flesh off her bones with hot irons; the notion he has of her making his father do everything she has a mind to, and the father doing nothing the son has a mind to, joined to that rancour against his mother which those about him are continually whetting, would make him use her worse than you or I can foresee; his resentment for the distinctions she shews to you too, I believe, would not be forgotten. Then the notion he has of her great riches, and the desire he would feel to be fingering them, would make him pinch her and pinch her again, in order to make her buy her ease, till she had not a groat left.”

France and England: a Vision of the Future. By M. de Lamartine, Member of the Provisional Government of France. Translated from the French. London, Clarke.

THE interest excited in this country by the translation, which has reached the 5th edition since March last, of a brochure the original of which first saw the light in 1843, is perhaps in some degree to be attributed to the partial appearance of a verified prediction which events on the continent have given to the “ Vision of the Future;” which is taken *quasi* retrospectively from a point of time a century in advance of the present. But its principal importance is derived from the insight it would seem to afford into the principles of religion and of government, both national and international, upon which the motive power of the French Republic proposes to regenerate, or rather to re-organise, not France, nor yet Europe only, but the world at large. In the course of one short century, the author anticipates that the effects of their diffused operation will have been to consolidate the North American continent into a wealthy confederated population of 73 millions; to produce, by a handful of European adventurers, the conquest of 370,000,000 of Chinese, forced to submit to the introduction of European arts and sciences, consequent upon the compulsory abandonment of the drawback to improvement of their own cumbrous orthography for the alphabet of signs; to divide the Asiatic quarter of the globe into four vast independent empires, the Celestial, the central or Thibetian, the Anglo-Indian, and the Russian, with her centre of government at Constantinople; and to base the balance of European power on an entirely new foundation of federal republics,—the Germanic, with Prussia at its head,—that of Poland, forming a barrier to Russia,—and the Iber-Gall-Italian, with Marseilles for its centre of government, formed from the union, on the foundation of reciprocal interests, of Spain, France (incorporated then with the Rhinelands and Low Countries), and the whole peninsula of Italy.

It cannot be denied, that the explosive course of European politics during the last two months is calculated to lend some degree of countenance to the opinion, that the numerous convulsive throes which have recently agitated the nations of the continent may be in fact no more than the “ beginning of the end,” thus mathematically calculated, like the coming of a comet. At the subsidence of its previous commotion, the political world, with the exception of the Northern powers of Europe and the savage races of Oceania and else-

where, will, it is assumed, be found subsisting within a number of circles of government, federal, national, and communal. But we must leave M. Lamartine to speak for himself, and to expound some of his new laws for governing the world.

“ The general congress takes care that the titles of the gold and silver coinage, the weight, dimension, and the value of the pieces, be exactly the same. . . . The questions of peace and war, equally affecting all the states, are deferred to the federal congress, and can only be decided by it. The same with every thing that concerns the colonies. * * *

“ An army in common is indispensable to all the states. The federal congress has the annual regulation of the contingent of each state for the general conscription. The national governments then make a repartition of this contingent among the provinces, according to their populations, and so downwards to the smallest communes. All this does not prevent each state from having its own *gensd'armée* . . . its national guard . . . each rural commune has its *gardes champêtres*.”

The expenses of railways, forming the means of communication between states, are to be borne conjointly by those states; those of their own roads by the several circles.

“ One sole civil and criminal code is adopted by all the states, because the principles of justice are ever the same for all, and because it is of importance to render them perspicuous, certain, and uniform. The federal congress lays on the general tax, and apportions it between the several states; it receives also the accounts relative to public services. At last, France established her budget for her own outgoings; each department and commune does the same, and governs itself in all that only concerns the department or the commune. Each department (on which the state assesses her portion) will add on to the sum to be paid to the state what may be deemed requisite for departmental roads, &c., reassessing the whole between the cantons, these between the communes. * * *

“ This mode of *perception* is the most simple and least costly that can be imagined. After defraying the expenses voted by the commune, the balance is poured into the departmental chest, which retains all that is required there, handing over the surplus to the state treasury; this latter, at first, deducts its special expenses, and then transfers into the congress treasury the sum for which France may have been assessed. Each of the other states doing the same, congress has in the course of the year the sum that has been voted.

“ That this money may never remain idle, it is deposited in the banks of the department, the state, or congress; and that services may never be inconvenienced, these banks at times make the needful advances to the department, the state, or congress, for their immediate demands. It is a double entry account, like that of a private individual; and we have put down that scandal of receivers-general, who were making their 150,000 francs a year, or even more, merely by collecting the taxes of a department; which never prevented them from being bankrupt, and did not dispense with a paymaster-general, rewarded after the same fashion, to complicate our wants.”

In the impost upon personal fortunes (whether a property or income tax does not clearly appear) fixed by the municipal council, and upon transfers of stock, after the abolition of all others, together with what he the terms “ the industrial power of federal bank,” the author places his panacea, which is to remedy the distresses of the working man, and to relieve him from the “ everlasting rapacity of capitalists,” by effecting “ the organisation of labour, according to the justest, most moral, and most useful conditions.” These banks being the depositaries of both the public revenue and the savings banks, they give credit to the manufacturing interest, form limited partnerships among men of ability, and consequently regulate production, competition, and labour.

“ The central bank is accurately informed, through its constant and direct relations with its branches, of the real demands of the consumers. Thus it only favours the different branches of production with a view to these real demands, and thereby gives the best employment to capital. No one can be powerful enough to set up a rivalry injurious to the interests which the bank deems fit to protect. No one is capable of upholding a monopoly which the bank considers prejudicial to the community. Accordingly, it prevents those immoral and ruinous wars which large capitalists used to make on small fortunes, with a certainty of annihilating them. It also prevents those scandalous monopolies which used to weigh upon all with impunity, because they were maintained by colossal means, against which it was vain to contend, and which were augmented still further by the enormous gains of the very monopoly itself.

"The morality of the working classes is . . . constantly and powerfully stimulated by the desire, the absolute necessity, of being upheld by the banks."

The evident tendency of M. de Lamartine's political theory is to reduce all government to a well-arranged, well-developed system of national usury, upon which morality—nay, religion itself, which he proposes absolutely to reduce again to the mere level of morality—is made utterly to depend. The progressive decline of religion is therefore to be predicated in the exact ratio of the success of the scheme. The principles of religion and government appear to be little short of antagonistic in the mind of the Government of the French Republic as represented by M. de Lamartine.

"Since the expenses of each form of worship have been defrayed by voluntary contributions, they have rapidly decreased; new and simpler rites have been established, but faith has lost nothing, only people think more of substance than of form; they attach more importance to precept than to dogma and ceremonial, which tends very much to reduce all religion to a common level, that of morality. This, I take it, is moreover an unerring sign of progress."

Short Notices.

The Gentleman's Magazine. May 1848.

MR. URBAN this month begins a notice of Halliwell's Life of Shakspeare with the following amusing variations in the story of the great poet's life:

"A young friend of ours brought us the result of his perusal of the Lives in one of the Variorum editions, as follows:

- That Shakspeare was a butcher's boy;
- That he was an attorney's clerk;
- That he was the father of a doctor of divinity;
- That he was very indolent and careless;
- That Thomas Poope and John Shanke were his associates and friends;
- That the less that is said about him and Anne Hathaway the better;
- That he sacrificed virtue to convenience;
- That he made no progress at school;
- That he was very ignorant;
- That he wrote in the Trochaic dimeter brachycatalectic;
- That he makes Hamlet quote Aristotle;
- That he was paid for mending old plays;
- That he was the most ungrammatical of all writers;
- That he did not understand the *Pes Proceusmaticus*;
- That he has not written one play which now would be heard out;
- That what he wrote would require an Act of Parliament to make one read;
- That he was a Papist;
- That he never went to church;
- That he neglected his own lawful wife, and took up with a Mistress Davenant of Oxford;
- That he was hasty and inattentive;
- That he did not understand dramatic laws;
- That his rambling and undigested fancies excite the laughter of the critical;
- That there is more meaning in the growling of a mastiff and neighing of a horse than in Shakspeare;
- That there were *two* Shakspeares;
- That there was never any such person as Shakspeare at all."

The number is altogether above the average.

Social Distinction; or, Hearts and Homes. By Mrs. Ellis. Illustrated by Warren. Part I. London, Tallis.

WE cannot help respecting the excellent public that calls for so many of Mrs. Ellis's didactics, even while we laugh at its taste. There is something so amiable and good in the submissiveness of the grandmothers, great-grandmothers, mothers, daughters, wives, brides, widows, and little girls of England, delighting as they do in being taught propriety by the volume, that we cannot but do justice to their sincere love for all that is right, and domestic, and accomplished, and so forth. All we wish ourselves is, that Mrs. Ellis would write a book to the *authorresses* of England, theological and non-theological; we should then expect some sport. Meanwhile, we can conscientiously recommend this "*Social Distinction*" as the most promising of all Mrs. Ellis's books; and if she will only abstain from inordinate moralising, we think she may contrive a story at least equal to the run of tolerable novels, from the materials she has got together in her two first chapters. But at least ten more chapters ought to elapse before she gets up into her professor's chair again.

The Fine Arts.

THE MODERN ARTIST:

THE CAUSE OF HIS MEDIOCRITY.

WHAT is the evil that lies at the root of the mediocrity of English art? Why is it that, with the best intentions in the world, there is something so essentially commonplace, unsatisfactory, and uninspiring in almost every thing to which our times have yet given birth? While every man of tolerable education is opening his eyes to the immense importance of art in the cultivation of the best faculties of our nature,—while a Government, hitherto deaf to the voice of all that spoke not of political interests, has at length succumbed to the popular cry, and taken art in hand (we hope not to inveigle it away to its destruction),—while all our respectable citizens and citizenesses are agog about pictures and prints, and the land teems with art-union performances, aiming at least at the poetic and the exalted,—while London and the provinces swarm with exhibitions, academies, societies, and institutes, and a perfect plague of woodcuts and illuminations has overrun the current literature of the day,—how is it that the art of England is still so dwarfish in stature, so hesitating in step, so feeble in conception, so rash, ill-informed, or tame in almost all that she undertakes and fulfils?

Surely there must be some hidden mischief working silently beneath the surface, which weighs down the energies of a generation so laudable in its desires and so industrious in its labours. We must be wrong *some-where*: we cannot yet be in the right track: the old story about the absence of natural genius will not give the explanation of our failures: our mediocrities are not to be accounted for by complaints of want of patronage, or the misdeeds of academies, or the money-getting spirit of free political states, or by the stupifying influence of a dull northern climate, or by the absence of all means for instruction and study, or by the want of fault-finders—abounding in number, if not in discrimination. There must be some other radical evil at the heart of English art, which prevents its growth, and dims its eye, and forces its voice to speak with stammering accents and in unimpressive tones. It is clear that when the age has done every thing for the artist which she has it in her power to bestow, and when her gifts to him really amount to far more than has been the lot of many an illustrious name of other days, she yet has utterly failed of making him *great*; she has but contributed to the production of a series of works, stamped with the mark of a most chilling mediocrity and a soulless conventionalism.

We have long entertained the conviction that the source of these failures is to be found in the character of our age itself, and of the artist, as sharing in that character, and as an exponent of the spirit in which he dwells, as in an atmosphere, and by which his own mind and soul are pervaded, as truly as those of the unartistic multitude, whose criticisms he derides, and whose barbarisms he despises. The artist paints ill *because he does not know what it is that he would paint*. Grievous and lamentable as may be many of his external disadvantages, they are as nothing in comparison with that want of inward thought and conception, which is unhappily too often his characteristic, and from which the age suffers as much as he does himself. The painter, the sculptor, and the architect, too often work by mere rules; they are influenced by taste, they follow certain schools, they go mad in admiration of the peculiarities of certain masters, they take a certain side in art, they league themselves with parties, they aim at certain effects; but, meanwhile, they little see that before a man can paint or carve he must have a definite, inward, spiritual *idea*, of which the work of his hands must be the visible embodiment, the utterance to those to whom he would communicate the thoughts and emotions that dwell or burn within his own breast. The same cause which is ruining the music of the nineteenth century, and has already well nigh reduced it to a state of chaos, is preying upon the fine arts, and forbidding them to rise much higher than the level of a mere mechanical trade. Ex-

pression is almost lost in our melodies and harmonies, and expression is absent from the studios of our artists.

And why, but because they do not know *what* to express? They do not grasp the significance of the scenes they would depict; they do not see with the eyes of their mind the event which they would record, or recall, upon their canvass or in their marble. They do not sympathise with the sentiments they would embody; they do not comprehend the greatness, the pureness, the nobleness, the reality, of the events which they would fain expound; they go to their tasks as artists only, and not as men; they are like orators who would speak before they know what they have to say, or teachers who would enlighten the unlearned in truths of which they themselves are in the darkest ignorance.

Take the whole round of the productions of English art, and see whether in a greater or less degree this soullessness is not their one grand never-failing characteristic. Begin with the portrait. Where is the artist now alive who can paint *men and women*? They can paint *faces*, if they please; they can render a nose, eyes, and mouth, and a very unexceptionably-made coat, or an Indian shawl, to perfection. They know how to repeat what they see with their own bodily eyesight. They have studied well all the mysteries of the crayon and the brush; and follow the most approved regulations for handling, and flesh-tints, and half-tints, and for the *chiar-oscuro*, and will give you a back-ground to your taste, and pester you to boot with all the common-place cant of the studio and the show-room. But where is he who can paint a visible embodiment of the mind, the intellect, the passions, of which the lineaments of the countenance are the expression and the token? Where is he who can first comprehend the powers of that spirit which communicates all their meaning, all their loveliness, and all their life to the features which he transfers to his easel? We look in vain for such painters of men; we look in vain around the walls of our modern galleries for tokens of the vigour, penetration, and comprehensiveness of the artist's own mind; we search to no purpose for some observant and acute master, who could search into the depths of the souls of his contemporaries, and record their outward forms for the benefit of coming ages, with that accuracy, spirit, and reality, which can only be attained by those who can read the mysteries of the mind, as well as copy the lineaments of the form.

Every painter, indeed, fancies that he can paint a portrait, if he possesses the requisite mechanical skill. Yet, if ever there was a fallacious absurdity, it is this. No stupid man can paint a good portrait; no artist who is himself insensible to the emotions and ideas of the men and women who sit to him, can render their visible manifestations with the force of perfect truth; none can give a fair report of what he cannot sympathise with or comprehend, at least in some considerable degree. The expression and meaning of the human countenance, its divine life, its spiritual beauty, are not to be measured with the rule and compass, and coldly copied as we would make a drawing of an architectural elevation, or imitate a pattern in Berlin wools. The fleeting charm of that which is the most exquisitely beautiful of all the creations of an Almighty Hand upon earth,—its graceful loveliness, its sparkling eye, its speaking lips, its thoughtful brow, its melting tenderness, its unyielding vigour, its holy piety, its shrewd acuteness, its passions, its sorrows, its hopes, its joys,—these things are essentially spiritual in their nature, they are the direct and instantaneous result of the workings of the mind within; and he whose own heart and head are too dull or too corrupted to comprehend and sympathise with them, may be the first of mechanical imitators, but never, never can he be a great artist.

As an instance of what we have urged, we will cite the example of the most familiarly-known of all recent English portrait-painters, the late Sir Thomas Lawrence. If ever there was an artist who reduced every thing that he attempted to the level of his own capacities, it was the late President of the Royal Academy. Unquestionably a man of genius, he was more than a mere copyist; he painted men and women, and not mere faces. But as his own intellect, feelings, and tastes, rose only to a certain limit, and were imbued

with a certain peculiar and unimagined spirit, so he comprehended only a certain fragmentary portion of the minds of his sitters, and transfused into them all alike a measure of that semi-refined, semi-intellectual, semi-graceful, and artificially-polished sentiment, which was so strikingly exemplified in his own feelings and intelligence. Sir Thomas Lawrence embodied the spirit of the cultivated English drawing-room and conversation. In scarcely any of his pictures, save those of Pope Pius and Cardinal Consalvi, did he conceive of any character in which the artificialities of civilised life did not exercise a most powerful sway. His gentlemen and ladies are always dressed for the evening, never vulgar, never *outré*, never stupid, never common-place, never exaggerated, but never great. The gentleman and the lady is more prominent than the man or the woman. He did not paint for mankind; he did not even paint for his own generation; he painted for the class of society who took him up, and patronised him, and bought his pictures, and thought him the first of geniuses and the most gentlemanly of artists. The hand,—that portion of the human frame in which high birth is supposed pre-eminently to display itself,—was elaborated by him with as much care as the most speaking feature in the countenance; and, in truth, in our judgment, it was sometimes the best part of his pictures. In a word, he painted up to his own conceptions of that which is valuable, estimable, and enviable; and there he rested.

Turn, then, from the inanities of these days, to the portraits of a Raphael, a Rubens, a Vandyke, a Velasquez, a Titian; or even to those of a second-rate class, as of our own Reynolds or Gainsborough. Who does not feel in a moment that, in contemplating their noble works, he is communing not only with the men of other days, whose countenances he beholds, but with the thoughts and conceptions of the painters themselves? Those glorious portraits are poems, every one of them. They are like the episodes in an epic, which give us little touches of human feeling and human character, and at times can move our hearts and call forth our veneration more powerfully than the most triumphant achievements of professed historical art. Like the characters of Shakespeare, they are for all ages and all nations. What is it to us that they are clad in the garb of Romans, or Venetians, or Spaniards, or Englishmen? It is their true, living, breathing *humanity* that gives them their imperishable charm. They are not merely the outsides of men; they are the forms in which the minds of other days were clothed: and when we stand and watch their speaking lineaments, it is not alone the wondrous skill of the painter that rivets our attention and stimulates our feelings; it is the consciousness that we are carried back centuries in the history of our race, and almost privileged to converse with the very men who figured among the most celebrated of the earth, and were cast in the same mould in which we ourselves are still formed. And when we recur to the recollection of the artists who spread the glowing tints upon the canvass, it is not so much an admiration for their skill in all the learning of their craft of which we are conscious, as a respect for their lofty intellects, their cultivated taste, their poetic genius, and their knowledge of human nature.

The comparative success and excellence of the English school of landscape-painting is another proof of our assertion, that it is in the mind of the artist, and of the age in which he lives, that we must seek an explanation of our Fine-Art failures and follies. Unequal as is the popular intelligence to fathom the depths of that which is poetical, religious, historical, or tragic, we are imbued, far more than any other nation, with a feeling for the charms of natural beauty, and the buoyant loveliness that beams from the inanimate universe in which we dwell. Other people live, by choice at least, almost wholly in cities: they are happy only in crowds; or taste the pleasures of solitude, and of fields, rocks, rivers, and forests, for a brief season, by way of refreshment after the excitement of the busy throng. None but we are *at home* in the quiet country: we alone love the visible earth and skies with a lover's affection: we alone watch the ten thousand variations of expression on nature's countenance, and own her

beauty with the homage of a servant to a sovereign. The sun and the shade alike; the meadow and the thicket; the babbling brook and the broad ocean; the cloud-girt mountain-peak and the smiling valley; all have a charm for our hearts, a voice that whispers in our ears of something more lovely, more perfect, than any thing that the eye can see. We *worship* nature: not, indeed—except in some few miserable instances—with an idolatrous honour; but with that reverence and respect which the word in its secondary sense implies, and which is the natural and fitting outpouring of the heart towards every thing that bears the traces of the sublime and eternal Antitype, after whose ineffable perfections all that is good in heaven and earth is formed.

And as the English mind loves nature and contemplates her, so to a certain extent it comprehends her, and understands the meaning of her various forms and varieties, and is touched by the sentiment that pervades her countenance. If we do not fully enter into and realise all her mysterious expressions,—if we are too content to rest in that portion of her spirit which regards time, and sense, and man; yet, nevertheless, we are far more capable of entering into the depths of her beauty, than of fathoming the secret ways of the mind of man himself, or of those more wonderful subjects for the skill of the artist which are connected with revelation, and with the divine perfections as revealed in the Christian faith. And thus it is, that while in our portraits, our historical and religious pictures, our sculpture and our architecture, there is something essentially prosaic, common-place, and mediocre,—in the works of our best landscape-painters the genuine spirit of poetry breathes freely around, and the visible scene before us speaks at once to our hearts, and elevates the faculties of our mind. Though perhaps there be little, except in Turner's happiest pictures, which moves our deepest emotions, or summons into play the noblest thoughts of the soul; yet so far as our landscape artists aim, so far they succeed. They are real, genuine, honest expressions of the soul of nature herself: they are faithful renderings of her external forms and peculiarities; watched, studied, and copied with the eye of love and reverence; and imbued with that indescribable *meaning*, which gives its mysterious charm to the face of the visible, inanimate universe, as truly as to the fairest human countenances. While it is rare indeed to see a portrait or an historical painting which transports us far away from the spot in which we stand and look, or which touches our hearts in their inmost recesses, there is many and many a landscape sent forth from the English studio which at once seizes hold of our imagination, enchains our memory and attention, and breathes into our spirit that very train of thought and feeling which we should experience were we gazing upon the very scene itself which the painter has depicted. In short, when our artists paint landscape, they know what they would express; they think before they work; they give an utterance to their own actual sensations; they commune with us by the instrumentality of the forms to which they give birth. They are poets in their generation; they speak the sentiments of the age in which they live; they have the seeing eye, and they repeat the memory of what they have seen, to others who have the hearing ear to comprehend them. With them, their work is an art, and not a manufacture; it is a living voice, and not the repetition of a series of conventionalisms; they have escaped from the region of formalism, and externals, and pedantic rules, and extravagant license, and attained to that which is pure, real, and spiritual in their illustrious calling.

But what a contrast is presented by our historical and religious art! It is almost a libel upon the English language to call it an art at all. It literally expresses nothing. We see at once that the artist did not comprehend the spirit of the scene he would represent. His object was to make a picture, and not to utter a truth, or recall the memory of a reality. His hands went to work before his mind. He has studied costume, and customs, and technicalities, and conventionalisms, and schools, and masters, and colour, and light, and shade, and (in a certain degree) the human form, and the elements of all beauty of composition; but where is the

token that his own intelligence has been occupied in the contemplation of the personages whose actions he would represent, in studying the workings of the passions with which they were animated, and in sympathising with what was great, noble, and admirable in their characters? One of the first of English historical painters is Hogarth! And another of them is Wilkie! The people that gave birth to a Shakspeare, have achieved their greatest triumphs in painting in the representation of a Rake's Progress or a Village Festival! The religion of which we make our boast as a nation, has literally *never* received the homage or the service of a truly great and impressive painter. The glories of English history are known only in our annals, and in the liberty which is still the envy of Europe; but where can we see them, visibly embodied before us by the hand of genius? Where is our Christian or historical sculpture? Is it in Westminster Abbey, or St. Paul's, or in the Squares of London, or on the top of columns? Where is the collection of pictures or statues, which, if the memory of England's greatness were obliterated from her written annals, would yet say to the world, that in this island there once had been great men, glorious deeds, and devout Christians?

And where shall we find the explanation of this strange and disgraceful fact, but in the recollection that too many of our artists are men of mere professional information, imbued perhaps with a love of their art, but ill-informed on almost every other subject of knowledge and thought, and with little sympathy or reverence for what is most illustrious in our annals, or most elevating in our nature? Painful, bitter, and shameful as may be the avowal, can any man look the facts in the face, and yet hesitate to admit that prosaic, tame, unenthusiastic, and ignorant as is our age itself, with all its excellent intentions, the world of art is, if anything, lower, rather than higher, than that crowd of lookers-on which it attempts to teach and to move? Painters, sculptors, architects, and critics together, have we any pretence to an adequate comprehension of the spirit of English history and literature, of our poetry, of our politics, of the annals and mythology of ancient days, of human nature in all its tragic, comic, and tender varieties, of the great mysteries of the Christian faith, of the peculiarities of old Jewish and Oriental life, of the characters and sentiments of the great and holy men who, by their lives and deaths, spread abroad that religion which it is the highest office of art to illustrate? Are not the knowledge, the criticism, the philosophical and social principles which are brought to bear upon the production of works of art, mere things of shreds and patches, mere fragments of gossip and information, put together on sham and formal theories, or not put together at all? How few artists know the history of their art! How few study at all! How few are imbued with any intelligent and enthusiastic admiration for the personages who are the heroes of their works! How few are even able to devote some little portion of their time to the acquisition of that knowledge which it was not their happy lot to acquire in their youth, and to the cultivation of that pure and elevated taste which alone can save them from exaggerations or absurdities! How few means they possess for the ennobling of their own character! What shifts they must endure in order to live! What petty tyrants must they serve; what selfish interests conciliate; what contemptible judgments obey! Is not the very name of artist a dishonour in the eyes of a vast number of the fools of the world? and is not the world to a great extent made up of fools? Does not the painter and the sculptor rank in popular estimation somewhat below the man of figures and ledgers, who sits all day in his counting-house, summing up the profits upon American or European exports and imports, and issuing invoices of his goods? What wonder that in such a state of things a dismal mediocrity is the best thing that we can hope for in so vast a proportion of our works of art, and that a man is thought to have done well when he has committed no positive offence against the laws of truth and good feeling?

[To be concluded in our next.]

A Course of Lectures on Painting, delivered at the Royal Academy of Fine Arts. By Henry Howard, Esq., R.A. London, Bohn.

To yield fastidious and Quixotic obedience to the old maxim *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, is a custom more honoured in the breach than the observance; and however disposed we may feel to tread tenderly on the fresh-laid sod, it yet becomes our duty, without regard to circumstance, to enter clearly and plainly into the merits of writings put forward as permanent records of the condition of English academical instruction in the nineteenth century, and likely, from the character and position of their late respected author, to exercise some influence on the minds and practice both of the public and the body of students.

If the allowance of "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," is in these discourses *homœopathically* small, the doctrines prescribed and inculcated throughout are most *allopathically* correct; nothing is insisted on that has not a goodly array of names and traditions to back it; and the mill-grinding path that has been chalked out by antecedent professors, is trodden with almost undeviating propriety. The beginner who reads these lectures is sure to gain some information, and some just and true ideas; but the more advanced student, who has already toiled over, and duly appreciated, the always sensible and elegant Sir Joshua, the lofty Barry, the fiery eloquent Fuseli, and the cool common-sense Opie, will acquire, we conceive, nothing from these correct and cold dissertations.

The propriety, decorum, elegance, and feebleness that characterised the pictorial works of Mr. Howard, are stamped in legible characters on these his literary productions; and the same morbid anxiety to have every thing tamed down until it may be perfectly *en règle*, is manifested throughout them.

In the first of his six discourses, our author gives his own and most other people's ideas on the nature of art in general, and on that of painting in particular. His language, in describing the mutual relation and dependence of the various children of the one great family, falls at once into his favourite *allegorical style*; and his imagination, no doubt, in penning the few lines we are about to quote, pictured to itself a number of graceful but insipid young ladies, flushed with health, but not to an unladylike degree, disposed in various miscellaneous attitudes for reasons intelligible only to the dreaming artist.

"Eloquence (says Mr. Howard) derives her rhythm from music, her imagery from poetry; the latter obtains her measures and harmony from music, her graphic descriptions from painting. Dancing combines poetry with motion and gesture, regulated by music; sculpture lends her aid to architecture; and the drama, an eclectic art, borrows from all."

To these definitions succeed some just remarks on the proper limits and province of imitation; and if they are not so deeply reasoned, or so enthusiastically expressed as those of Quatremère de Quincy, they are at least more intelligible. They would deserve notice if only from their serving as foil and setting to one of those Johnsonian gems that only sparkle the brighter from contrast with the jewels of others. The immortal Doctor remarks, "that imitations please, not because they are mistaken for realities, but because they bring realities to mind." With such a text no sermon on the subject could possibly go very far wrong.

From these considerations we advance naturally to the connexion of poetry with painting, and the conditions of abstract beauty; and on these subjects our author appears to have formed his judgment in the admirable schools of Johnson, Alison, and Addison. Invention is the next branch of art brought under consideration; and it is treated, though carefully, very tamely. The time-honoured injunction "to praise the works of Pietro Perugino," has been fully obeyed by Mr. Howard, excepting that for Pietro Perugino, he has substituted Michael Angelo, Raffaele, and Leonardo.

The first lecture terminates with a flourish of trumpets in honour of Allegory and Industry, the two goddesses to whom throughout his life our artist paid the most assiduous court.

The second discourse is devoted to the subject of

design, or drawing, and exhibits the usual machinery of such lectures. Nature, style, beauty, the beau ideal, motion, balance, drapery, &c., are all treated with care and elegance, though with a total absence of light and shade in the style. With regard to the practice ascribed to the ancient Greeks, of seeking by selection a realisation of the idea of abstract beauty, we must enter a protest against the material character of the notions commonly taught and received on this subject. That they studied most intensely, is quite certain; and that they at last, through long years of observation and refinement, so educated their organs of sight and sense as to be enabled to appreciate the association connected with every variety of contour, and in fact to read expression in a limb, as we read it in a face, appears almost equally probable. From the possession of this wonderful faculty, they would naturally be able to render, in exactly appropriate form, the grace and character peculiar to any idea they might conceive. Hence their study became eminently intellectual, since the more refined the idea, of course the more exquisite would the finished work of art become. All definitions of the Greek beau ideal, that represent it only as the material personification of the type of *perfect physical beauty*, err, since the constant diversities that exist in proportion, form, age, &c. of their figures, tell us that their practice was to endeavour to elevate to the highest pitch their idea of the god, and leave to their collected mass of observation and study the task of giving the heavenly thought a fitting and appropriate embodiment.

In the third lecture chiaroscuro is elaborately treated, and in both this and in the succeeding discourse on colour, Mr. Howard displays a great amount of cultivation and very intelligent study; his remarks on the practices of the old masters are just and true, and he appears fully to appreciate the efforts (too often overlooked by other lecturers) made by that most noble genius Leonardo, to improve his art in these particulars.

The same learned and elaborate style characterises the fifth discourse, on composition; but in the same ratio that his subject rises in intellectual character, so do Mr. Howard's capabilities seem wanting. He cannot be said to have removed his neighbour's landmarks, but he has certainly not aided him to find out where they may exist. His instruction on the loftier branches of his art are somewhat like those hand-posts we occasionally find in the country where cross-roads meet, which point out most clearly the road we may have passed through, but are wanting altogether in directions as to the *onward track*.

The last lecture is an elegant *olla podrida* of artistic gossip on backgrounds, texture, history, and biography, and closes the book pleasantly, though perhaps in no very lofty strain. On arriving at the end of the volume, we cannot but feel how objectionable it is that a teacher of art should allow the arbitrary distinctions which have been conventionally set up for the purposes of perspicuity in language and instruction, such as those of design and invention, chiaroscuro and composition, to assume, in either his own or his pupils' brain, an objective and distinct existence. It is ever to be remembered, that no perfect work can possibly be produced except by the identification of all these qualities, and that the cause of the failures that have at different times deprived some of the most eminent schools both ancient and modern of the glory of full and perfect harmony, has been the allowing one or more of the elements of this sweet-sounding chord to be absent. Analysis may be an excellent mode of acquiring a knowledge of parts, but unless all the ingredients it has arbitrarily separated be reunited in the student's brain, no possible idea can be correctly formed of that whole which has been subjected to the process of subdivision.

As an instance of the inconsistencies, to mention no other evil, which follow from this exaggerated devotion to mere analysis, we give Mr. Howard's criticisms upon Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment," and Leonardo's "Last Supper," in which the lecturer praises the latter picture for a certain "symmetry and softened formality," accounting these peculiarities desirable in all compositions of a grand or extensive character, while he appears wholly unconscious that scarce a trace of symmetry, and certainly not the most distant approach to

"softened formality," is to be discerned, even by an analytical critic, in Michael Angelo's gigantic work.

"Every mode and variety of composition is to be found in that prodigy of skill and power, 'The Last Judgment.' It may be doubted whether in the whole compass of ancient art so vast an assemblage of figures as this was ever to be found, where the greatest science is brought in aid of the richest invention and the most terrific expression. The struggling groups of fiends and mortals, in particular, have never been equalled for energetic action and ingenious combination. The prints in the library and the lectures of Fuseli will sufficiently prepare those students who wish to become acquainted (and all should be acquainted) with this highest effort of art in its highest class. Of his early and celebrated composition, the cartoon of Pisa, we are enabled, I conceive, to form a very tolerable judgment from the copy of it, by Sangallo, at Holkham, which probably contains all the foreground figures. Schiavonetti's engraving from this interesting relic, though finely wrought, is less faithful in style than might be wished. The eloquent commentary of Fuseli on this work must be known to you all. With respect to the invention and expression, chiaroscuro and colour, of the great work of Leonardo above me, I have already spoken; but, as among its surprising merits composition is not the least, I would now call your attention to the arrangement of the figures. Painted for the refectory of a convent, and confined to a particular space, occupying the whole width of the room over a door, Leonardo adopted the plan of extending his table entirely across it, making the white cloth a bond of union to the whole, and this gives great value also to the bright colours and richly-varied details above. I may here observe, that in all compositions of a grand or extensive character, some portion of symmetry and softened formality is desirable. The subject, in this instance, required that the apostles should be placed six on each side, and the Saviour in the midst. At each extremity of the table are three figures (more separated than those next to them), which are combined in two close and varied groups. One of these is more connected than the other with the principal figure, which gives due predominance to the central mass, and prevents the composition from appearing too positively divided into triads. The heads are at unequal distances, and form in themselves an agreeable waving line. There is an ingenious modulation in the arms and in the conduct of all the hands; every figure presents a different quantity; and the principal line being horizontal, the forms above it are contrived to pass from one end to the other in a sort of zig-zag or undulating chain. It would be difficult to point out a more perfect specimen of intricate grouping than that of Peter, Judas, and John: Peter, stretching over Judas with the impetuosity belonging to his character, addresses himself to the affectionate John, who (his hands clasped in grief) inclines towards him; Judas leans back to support himself, and assumes the firmness and surprise of innocence. Here all the principles of effect are combined: the strongest contrast of position and expression, with the most complete union, while the whole seems momentary and accidental. This with another group, as energetic and almost as fine, on the other side, are happily opposed to the calm resignation of the Saviour, producing great richness and effect in the centre, and a fine alternation of action and repose throughout. Nothing is neglected in this profound work, which, from the variety of its excellences, may be esteemed a school in itself."

We much deplore Mr. Frank Howard's having allowed himself to publish the "*notes from his father's journals*." It is like thrusting forward in dressing-gown and slippers, a staid and respectable individual who has always been accustomed to "sit as he would be seen, and walk as he would be met."

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

ON the whole, this year's Exhibition must be considered as decidedly above the average; perhaps, taken all in all, as good as any display that ever appeared on the walls of the Academy. We question, indeed, whether, notwithstanding the comparative perfection of one or two schools of Germany, there be any other nation in Europe, which, taking one picture with another, could produce a gallery so indicative of a love and appreciation of art as that which was opened last Monday in Trafalgar Square. It is true that the collection is as negatively meritorious. It claims praise as much for the diminution in its quantity of rubbish, as for the number of its works of first-rate, or even second-rate excellence. Not only are the utter abortions more rare, but the everlasting portraits of a lady, or a gentleman, and the silly, twaddling efforts of sentimentality, arrogating to themselves the title of religious or historical pictures, are far fewer in number than in the golden days of Lawrence and Turner. We have not so many vapid figure-pieces, illus-

trating the popular scenes of Walter Scott, or the gloomiest horrors of Lord Byron. Every where the very important element in true art, viz. a distaste for unmitigated trash, is perceptibly on the increase; while there are tokens that all this is something better than progress towards a correct mediocrity, or a dismally academic propriety of form, colour, and feature.

As usual in England, the average quantity of good landscapes is far above the average quantity of good historical pictures or portraits, though we are disposed to think that the first work of art in the gallery unquestionably is that which aims the highest. Rigid examination might decide that there were other paintings in the rooms more critically faultless than Herbert's "*Herod reproving John the Baptist*" (No. 77); but few would hesitate in placing it among the noblest works of modern artists. It is the ablest painting that Mr. Herbert has yet produced, and will satisfy those who were most anxious for his future success, that he has passed the Rubicon which separates the true painter from the ardent devotee to certain masters or schools, and that henceforth he will paint like nobody but himself, and as a powerful exponent of the knowledge, skill, and feeling of his own times. Mr. Herbert's conception of the scene is in some degree original, so far as the conception of individuality of character is necessarily original; but it appears to be strictly in accordance with the inspired narrative. Herod is made a man of marked indecision of purpose; his posture, and the very mode of his clasping of his hands, shewing his infirmity of mind, as strongly as his countenance, and as the peculiar turn of his hair. Herodias is the unyielding, crafty, independent, and unscrupulous woman, not more licentious than haughty; and her passionate yet unexaggerated gestures of indignation, as the Baptist unannounced enters the marble hall and denounces the monarch's sin, shew with the utmost force that she will have blood to atone for the insult; while the daughter herself, who has been amusing her mother and the king with dancing to her tambour, is hardly conscious of the prophet's real meaning, and gazes at him from her mother's side, half in surprise and half in terror. The whole group is finely conceived, drawn, and coloured; the blended tints of the two women, especially, furnishing a delicate and sweet mingling of refined colouring of rare beauty. The drapery of Herod, to our judgment, wants breadth and vigour, not only to qualify its brilliancy, but because it has really less depth than any one of the other figures in the picture. The juxtaposition of the bright scarlet, crimson, and green, while the tone of all the rest of the painting is cool or sombre, is bold, indeed, and ingeniously carried off, but it wants more of the *oscuro*, and less of the *chiaro*.

The figure of the Baptist, while it retains a trifle or so of the artist's former tendency to hardness of outline, is masterly and expressive, and is besides a portrait of bones and muscles such as we too rarely see in these days of vague and misty outlines and anatomical novelties. The background of the picture is purely Oriental, and as such almost unique among high historical works; as the conventional classicalities with which all the great Italian and modern German masters adorn, or deform, their pictures, are as far from adding to the reality and poetry of their scenes as the stormy skies with which it was the fashion to fill up the portraits of fine ladies in muslins and velvets. At the same time, we cannot reconcile ourselves to the palpable want of completeness in the entire composition. Each portion is admirable, but to the eye there is a decided want of *unity* of effect. There wants either a different disposition of the lights and shadows, or a more extensive carrying on of the prominent colours to harmonise the whole, and to enable the mind to take in at once the Baptist, the royal group, and the apartment and distant scene.

We go into these details at a somewhat disproportionate length, because Mr. Herbert has just reached the point at which his fame must be consolidated, and because we are convinced that he has it in his power to assume one of the most distinguished places in the ranks of modern European artists.

The works of Mr. Edwin Landseer form as usual the *nuclei* around which people crowd, and on a first day it was by no means an easy matter to get near enough to examine them. They are five in number, and exhibit all the wonderful mastery over mechanical difficulties, in the possession of which their author stands pre-eminent, and indeed totally unrivalled. In point of dexterity of handling, we much doubt whether any artist, except Rubens, has ever approached him; and certainly no one has ever more thoroughly appreciated the refinements of expression natural to the brute creation. The almost human intelligence he has bestowed on the actors in his dramatic "*Alexander and Diogenes*" (No. 208) displays his perfect command over canine humour. The infinitely satirical philosopher, the pompous potentate, and the inflated yet servile attendants, are all depicted to the life, and yet not a single head assumes other than a most doglike aspect. It is a painted fable, the moral of which "he who runs may read." To dwell upon the charm of its colour and texture would be, since Mr. Landseer is in the case, a work of perfect supererogation.

It is, however, in his treatment of the "Sketch of my Father" (No. 85) that the artist's real triumph has been achieved. We will venture to assert, without fear of contradiction, that it is not only the most perfect portrait to be seen in this year's exhibition, but that it is one of the most beautiful subjects Mr. Landseer has ever painted. The breadth of the effect, the luminous character of the flesh, the perfect likeness, the general sweetness of tone, and the highly-refined and intellectual expression, all combine to form one of the most charming pictures possible.

In No. 403, "A random Shot," the sympathies are so taken by storm, that admiration of the artist's skill is almost lost in feelings of commiseration for the sufferings of the animal, and it is only after this sensation has passed off that we are at all enabled to criticise. Extended, bleeding and all but lifeless, on the crystalline and rosy-tinted snow, lies a poor wounded deer, while pressing to the motionless body comes the orphan fawn, seeking in vain for all that it has lost, through the wretched fate of its mother. The picture is almost too exciting, and we trust that the public feelings may not be attacked in a similar manner next year.

The atmosphere, and peculiar tints of a clear and brilliant winter-day, are given with extraordinary truth and care, while the crisp and sparkling snow glows with that delicate hue which the sloping sunlight throws over the yet unmelting crystals. In daylight, moonlight, exterior or interior subjects, Mr. Landseer is always a beautiful colourist; but he has here given one of those remarkable, yet gentle contrasts of effect, which shew that he is as able a master in his art as he is a diligent and accurate observer of the face of nature.

In the "Old Cover Hack, the property of R. Heathcote, Esq." (No. 229), we meet with a thoroughly well painted white horse, and some three or four dogs. The character of fatigue is stamped most unmistakably on all—the raised hind leg and the splashed and spotted coat of the horse, the sleeping and sleepy foot-sore and panting dogs, all tell the story of what is called a capital day's sport. The painting and drawing are unexceptionable, and no one can look at such studies without feeling convinced that the knowledge Mr. Landseer must possess of the structure and minute anatomy of both animals is most perfect and admirable.

This same artist has one other specimen, a portrait of a dog, clever of course, but interesting only to the possessor.

Next, perhaps, in popular interest to this set of pictures, come the works of Mr. Mulready, who fully works up to the tone of his previous reputation. His subjects are not, we think, so felicitous as those selected for exhibition last year, since, however wonderfully boys playing at bob-cherry may be painted, they are but boys playing at bob-cherry at last. It may be unreasonable, perhaps, to grumble because we cannot meet with all good qualities united in the same individual; but it is impossible now and then to repress the desire, that many of our most talented artists would endeavour to give a little more dignity and moral elevation to the themes they select.

The single truth both of form, character, and colour, manifested in No. 160, "The Butt," would, if applied to a loftier theme, produce pictures rivalling, or indeed surpassing, any that the art of man has yet produced. How sad it is to find the heavenly tone and colour we meet with in the "Shepherd Boy and Dog," thrown away upon so mean an incident and so clumsy a composition. In his own walk Mr. Mulready is perfect; the only pity is, that he has not selected a nobler and more intellectual one.

Mr. Leslie, in his two works, "Lady Jane Grey" (No. 157), and "The Shell" (No. 162), displays in parts his accustomed talent and command of expression; but the general aspect of both pictures is displeasing: the low cold tone of colour and pinky flesh, to which he has been leaning for several years past, is growing into a disease, and the stiffness and angularity of much of his composition is ungrateful to the eye. The figure of Lady Jane is graceful, and her face pure and sweet. The animated expression of the little boy, who listens to the shell, that still murmurs of "its august abode," is very fresh and childlike. In the present day, when the youngest *genre* painter studies hard for correctness of detail and costume, it becomes quite painful to find both so neglected by an experienced artist like Mr. Leslie. The background of the Lady Jane Grey picture, instead of aiding to tell the story and fix the date, suggests to the beholder's imagination the idea that the figure is only the portrait of some modern Miss, seated in a modern library, to which, in order to make the picture popular, a posthumous title had been given—*faute de mieux*.

Inaccuracies of a somewhat similar kind, but of a far more violent and offensive description, disfigure Mr. Maclise's large group of "Chivalry of the time of Henry the Eighth" (No. 78). The architecture resembles nothing but a Surrey Theatre "Room in an ancient Castle" scene. We cannot for a moment deny that in this production the artist has exhibited wonderful vigour of hand, and knowledge of the form of what he paints; but altogether the picture is most displeasing. On one side he

has placed an enormous knight of highly ferocious aspect, or rather we should say, a very well drawn suit of armour; on the other, a lady of corresponding size, apparently in a state of sad tribulation at the idea of the approaching departure of her lord, about whose person two officious squires are busied in attaching some of those refinements in martial equipment which were the delight of our forefathers. In the distance, through an arch of most extraordinary construction, may be seen a very peculiar castle, in front of which a whole horse armory is stationed. Let the reader add to these particulars a few "stage properties" scattered about here and there, and illuminate the whole with a violent Bengal light, so as to cast a dazzling white upon all the salient points, and he will have elaborated in his fancy some notion of what this *great* picture resembles. It is a sad pity that Mr. Maclise indulges in these vast uninteresting works, as devoid of beauty as they are incapable of exciting our sympathies, while he possesses so much power to touch and charm us as he has manifested in his exquisite series of pencil outlines, illustrative of the Seven Ages of Man. His Infant, his Schoolboy, his Lover, his lean and slippered Pantaloon, and his Last Scene of all, are replete with grace and truth to nature, and we wish that he could but transfer some of their excellence to his larger productions. The portraits of Mrs. Dickens, and of Mr. John Forster in the character of Kiteley in "Every Man in his Humour," are neither of them satisfactory, the colour and texture of both being extremely raw and uncongenial. The latter is the best, and is powerfully drawn. Though Mr. Maclise's works are generally displeasing to the eye, it is impossible in looking at them not to feel that genius has produced them, however little that particular development of ability may be to our individual taste.

Few of our landscape-painters send out such pictures as Sidney Cooper's cattle-pieces; and this year he has given us one of his best. "The White Hall Meadows, Canterbury," (No. 551) is as delicious a pastoral poem as ever came forth from painter's studio. One cannot look at it without forgetting everything else around, and, what is still more, without forgetting the picture itself. "The breezy call of incense-breathing morn" breathes gently across the water and grass, stirring the willows, and waking the sheep to the quiet life of the day. Though, perhaps, the cattle have not the vigour of colour or contour, or the individuality of character, of Paul Potter or Cuyp, yet we do not believe that either of these two great "ancients" ever painted a truer or more perfect picture of one of nature's sweetest aspects. We know of no master whose pencil ever caught with happier skill the bright horizontal light of the morning sun, clear, though not yet warm, and leaving every tint turned towards the west in its former cool and shadowy tone. Throughout, from the passing clouds to the sparkling dewy grass, the picture shews the feeling of the poet, and the eye and hand of the accomplished painter.

Mr. Cooper has other good pictures in the collection, but none equal to this. Here and there he displays a tendency to haste and carelessness, as if he did not always paint his best; and we desiderate, as usual, a greater variety of effect, light, and colour. The "Goatherd on Moel Shiaboe" (No. 423) is a clever and airy work, though with less power and expression than the Morning in Canterbury Meadows. Of his joint productions with Lee, the most successful is the "Summer Morning" (No. 383), which is besides one of Mr. Lee's best landscapes, painted with all his usual grace and simplicity, and with more atmospheric effect than he ordinarily attains. A little more breadth of light and shade, and a few vigorous touches in the detached trees, would improve even this picture, charming as it is. In almost all Mr. Lee's other works in the exhibition, excellent as they are in many points, and faithful in intention, more or less of the artist's solid foliage, and of his over-literal forms, destructive of perfect truth, whether of colour, light, or outline, is too frequently manifest. We cannot but think that a little patient study of some of Turner's best landscapes would speedily set Mr. Lee free from this defect in his style.

Creswick has also a goodly allowance of good pictures. As a finished sketch, we should point to "Home, by the Sands" (No. 314), as one of his very best efforts; with more breadth and variety of colour than he often reaches, yet with all his natural unaffected spirit. A very difficult subject for the pencil to give with reality, but without caricature,—the wetness of the sand and beach,—he has achieved with great success. There is also not a little sea-side sentiment in the blue waters themselves, with the far stretching coast and fading horizon. Every body that knows the sea-shore has seen the picture a hundred times already. The companion piece, "A squally Day" (No. 579), is almost equally effective, but, like No. 314, is liable to the objection of being a study rather than a complete composition.

Eastlake's picture of the "Italian Peasant Family in Captivity to Banditti" (No. 22) is cold and feeble, notwithstanding its pretty colouring and dainty faces. They are conventional peasants and conventional thieves, and not really men and

women with their own individual characters and passions. The bandit that watches the captives is as sentimental-looking a gentleman as ever figured in a romantic tale. It is a marvel to us how so able a critic and so cultivated a writer as Mr. Eastlake can remain insensible to the elaborate feebleness of idea, and monotonous repetition of mediocrities, into which he falls in such pictures as this.

Armitage has a very clever little work in No. 479, "Henry the Eighth and Katharine Parr." The Royal Bluebeard is admirably conceived, and looks, in figure, posture, and expression, the very mixture of the tiger and the swine which was the real character of "bluff King Hal." Poor Katharine Parr had not in herself much energy or soul to boast of, but Mr. Armitage has been less successful with her than with the ferocious beast who is sprawling his legs on a chair before her. The same painter's picture of the "Death of Nelson" (No. 545) is not without its good points, though somewhat French in its straight lines and brickdusty hue.

Frost's "Euphrosyne" (No. 336) is one of his gracefully imagined and carefully studied classical groups. The refinement of the artist's sentiment appears not only in every posture, and in the general characters of his colouring, but in his notions of what constitutes mere female physical beauty. There is a certain want of individuality in the group, all the female figures approximating too nearly to a vague ideal loveliness; but yet the painting is as pleasing as it is lively and brilliant.

Journal of the Week.

April 28.

A CHANGE is to be made in the mode of the Government prosecution of Mr. Mitchell. His plea in abatement has been allowed by the Crown. The Attorney-General has entered a *nolle prosequi* to the bills of indictment found by the grand jury against Mr. Mitchell; and at the same time stated that it was his intention to file an *ex-officio* information against the traverser. The information is now actually filed in the Queen's Bench, and it is understood to be substantially similar to the indictment upon which bills have been already found.

The Rev. Mr. Bermingham, who was severely censured by his Bishop for writing an inflammatory letter, has replied in another letter, of which the following is a characteristic extract:

"These, my lord, are grave charges; and as your lordship takes them to be true, as against me, and advises me to retract my letter, I must take the liberty to tell you that you place me in a false position, and not only in your own estimation, but before the public. I cannot suffer even you, my superior, to place me in this position. I distinctly deny that I have counselled war, or that I have written any thing which could incite to war, or a violation of the duty of allegiance. In my letter to Mr. Meagher, I supposed that the Government, in order to carry out fully their coercive measures to suppress even the expression of discontent among the afflicted people of Ireland, would attack the lives and liberties of that people; and in such an extremity I plead guilty of the crime, if it be one, of advising them to be prepared for the event. I don't mean to defend every sentence and expression in my letter. Having thrown it off, perhaps, without due deliberation, I may not have been so guarded as I ought to be; but whatever passages may be in it which, taken separately and in a detached manner, might be deserving of your lordship's censure, a regard for my character requires that I should not allow even your lordship to attach to those passages a meaning which I never intended they should have, and which I regret to observe your lordship seems disposed to believe they bear. I did not, my lord, incite to war. I have spoken hypothetically of an outbreak, and the part the people should be prepared to take in such a contingency. Whatever isolated passages may seem to convey, this is the drift of my letter; and I do most strongly reject the charge of urging on the people to make an insurrection or violate the duty of allegiance. I have, on the contrary, in that letter professed, which I do most sincerely feel, unqualified allegiance to our Queen, and friendship and brotherly love to my Protestant fellow-countrymen. So far from inciting the people to aparchy and bloodshed, my extreme anxiety was to hold them back from such, and to save them from the consequences. There is nothing, my lord, which I would abhor more than scenes of bloodshed; and therefore it was that I recommended the people to wait for a day which I hoped would never arrive,

and an opportunity which the good sense of England would never afford them."

Dr. Walsh, the Catholic Bishop of Ossory, on Easter Sunday, preached to the congregation of his episcopal chapel, enjoining them to preserve order and tranquillity, and to avoid listening to the advice of such persons as were now engaged in urging the people to arm themselves for political purposes. He said, that such persons, instead of wishing to ameliorate the condition of the poor, sought only an opportunity of aggrandising themselves by plunder and civil turmoil. He had no doubt that many persons would call him a Tory because he gave his people this advice, but he would assure them that whatever social evils the country laboured under — and they were such as required great legislative changes — could only be alleviated, in such a way as would be conducive to public benefit, by peaceable and constitutional efforts. He was for preserving peace and order, and for that reason had always directed his clergy to abstain from political interference.

A battle has taken place between the Germans and the Danes, near Schleswig. The intelligence is confused, but leaves no doubt that the Prussian troops have made an onward movement, but whether that advance resulted in a total rout of the Danes, or in merely driving in their outposts, does not yet appear.

The Parisian elections have gone on in peace, Lamartine and the Moderates continuing far ahead of the Ultras. There is to be a grand show on the day of the opening of the Assembly, at the arrangements of which we cannot but smile. The most imposing feature is to be a sort of triumphal car, drawn by oxen, accompanied by all sorts of singing, and by trees to symbolise the perfections of the Republic! The whole thing promises to bear a striking resemblance to a scene in a ballet. Two members of the Republican Club of the Dramatic Artists have waited on the Archbishop of Paris to request that he would remove the sentence of excommunication inflicted by the Council of Arles on the corps of comedians. The Archbishop politely assured them that no sentence of excommunication against comedians existed in the diocese of Paris.

April 29.

The Danes are certainly being rapidly beaten in Schleswig, though the conflict on Easter Sunday, which resulted in the capture of the city, was a bloody one, the Danes having a strong position, and doing great execution with their artillery and riflemen before it was carried. The Danes had from 10,000 to 12,000 men engaged; the force of the Confederation was the greatest, but it was not all engaged; four Prussian regiments of the guard and line formed the bulk of the attacking army. The loss of the Prussians, as far as can be gathered from the unauthenticated accounts, is about 300 men killed and wounded, principally of the 2d and 20th Regiments. Up to Monday morning 116 wounded had been brought into the Rendsburg Hospital; that of the Danes is not yet known, but probably, from having fought comparatively under cover, it is not so great. The joy of the Schleswigers at their deliverance is said to be excessive.

The town of Friburg, close to the Black Forest, has been the scene of tumult. Under pretext of holding a public meeting, about 2000 peasants, mixed up with the rabble, came to Friburg last Saturday, the 22d instant. They were all armed; and after passing some resolutions of a Republican and Communistical tendency, the whole mass constituted itself into a regular little army; the leaders were chosen, and an attack upon the gates of the town was suddenly made. Meanwhile troops had been sent from all directions to the assistance of Friburg. On their arrival, one detachment was attacked suddenly by a considerable band of peasantry coming from the fields. The peasants were routed, and the town enclosed by troops. The insurgents then barricaded the town and the streets, and defied all attack. General Hoffmann, who during the night had ordered a sufficient park of artillery to be brought up, summoned the town to capitulate; and, upon its refusal, the town was bombarded from half-past 4 until 12 o'clock, upon which the Nassau troops took it by storm. A great many of the insurgents have been made prisoners, but the majority

have taken flight. The town is said to have suffered considerably, and the number of killed to be more than 60. Martial law has been published in various districts of the duchy.

A proclamation has been addressed by Count Hartig to the Italian population of Lombardy and Venice. Its object is to prevail on the Italians once more to bend their necks to the yoke of Austria. It warns them against the designs of the "perfidious King of Sardinia," and makes very specious and flattering promises.

Further and more energetic measures are about to be taken for the pacification of the Italian peninsula. A deputation from the States, the municipality, the University, and the other corporate bodies of Vienna, was to set off on Monday last for the head-quarters of the Austrian army, for the purpose of opening negotiations (if possible) with the Provisional Governments of Venice and Milan. A Committee of Public Safety has been organised in Vienna for the protection of persons and property. The Municipal Committee has issued a manifesto denouncing the designs of the seditions.

A corps of 24,000 men, composed of Pontifical, Tuscan, and Neapolitan troops, are on their march to join the Piedmontese army. General Durando arrived at Venice on the 15th, in company with Adjutant Pescantini, for the purpose of inspecting the buildings that might be used for barracks. 400 Pontifical troops were expected at Padua on the 18th.

May 1.

The following is the list of Deputies returned for Paris:

	Votes.		Votes.
Lamartine.....	259,800	Cormenin	135,050
Dupont (de l'Eure).....	245,083	Corbon	135,043
François Arago	243,540	Caussidière	133,755
Garnier Pagès	240,890	Albert	133,041
Armand Marrast.....	229,166	Wolowski	132,333
Marie	225,776	Peupin	131,969
Crémieux	210,699	Ledru Rollin	131,587
Beranger	204,271	Schmidt.....	124,383
Carnot.....	193,608	Ferdinand Flocon	121,864
Bethmont	189,252	Louis Blanc	121,140
Duvivier.....	182,175	Recuit	118,075
Lasteyrie.....	165,156	Agricol Perdiguier	117,290
Vavin	151,103	Jules Bastide	110,228
Cavaignac	144,187	Coquerel	109,934
Berger.....	136,660	Garnon	106,747
Pagnerre	136,117	Guinard	106,262
Buchez	135,678	Lamennais	104,871

Among these are four ex-journalists, M. Marrast, M. Bastide, who preceded him as principal editor of the *National*, M. Louis Blanc, and M. Flocon, who had been a shorthand-writer; five operatives, MM. Albert, Corbon, Peupin, Schmidt, and Perdiguier; five lawyers, MM. Ledru Rollin, Garnier Pagès, Marie, Crémieux, and Bethmont; one poet, "the poet of France," Beranger; one physician, Recuit; a Protestant minister, M. Coquerel; and the rationalist Catholic priest, Lamennais.

Rouen during the last three days of last week has been the theatre of a succession of conflicts, and of a victory on the part of the Government, which must make Louis Philippe rue bitterly the indecision which lost him his crown. On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday last, barricades were erected, attacked, and defended with the utmost skill, courage, and obstinacy. After two days of sanguinary fighting, the battle ceased at 12 o'clock this day; but it is to be apprehended that it will recommence at the first opportunity. The number of killed and wounded is not ascertained. More than 300 of the insurgents have been made prisoners. It was found necessary to carry every barricade with the bayonet, under the protection of volleys of grape-shot. The town has been placed under martial law. Sentinels are placed at each house, and a strong guard is stationed at the corner of every street, supported by cavalry and artillery with lighted matches. It is estimated that there are 30,000 operatives in the town of Rouen, and double the number in the valleys adjoining; but the latter refused to rise, saying they had no arms.

A storm has been raging at Nassau, provoked by the soldiery, who so affronted the people, that they insisted that the troops should quit the town. The Bavarian troops on the opposite bank of the Rhine came to the assistance of the men

of Nassau. The citizens then fired on the troops, and broke down the bridge. Barricades were then constructed, and the commander of the troops consented to withdraw them. The greatest excitement prevailed in the town, and all the shops were closed.

The province of Moldavia is in full insurrection. Wallachia was, it is said, about to follow the example.

The Indian Mail announces that the Union Bank of Calcutta is in serious difficulties, and that the monetary crisis has grievously obstructed the progress of Indian railway enterprise.

May 2.

The House of Commons met yesterday after the recess. After the House had agreed to some grants of money to the West Indies, to restore the damage done by last October's hurricane in Tobago, and to assist the immigration of free labourers into Guiana and Trinidad, power was granted to the Commissioners of Public Works in Ireland to issue 945,000*l.* for public works in that kingdom. The Removal of Aliens Bill was then discussed, Sir William Molesworth and Mr. Fox stoutly opposing it, and saying that it was contrary to all the hereditary principles of the Whigs. Only twenty-two members, however, voted against the second reading.

Sir W. Somerville then brought in an important measure on the Irish franchise, which he described as defective in three different ways: first, in the nature of the franchise; secondly, in the insufficiency of the constituency as depending on that franchise; and lastly, in the system of registration, which gave rise to many abuses and much gross injustice. He said that the judges of the land and the assistant-barristers differed from each other as to the construction of the Reform Act which gave the Irish franchise; and he believed that the very framers of that act differed themselves as to its correct interpretation. The next evil was the insufficiency of the elective body. Documents shewed that the constituencies of Ireland were dwindling away, and that, if the House did not take steps to check the diminution of them, the representative system in Ireland would soon become neither more nor less than a farce. He then pointed out the evil of the present registration system, and the gross abuses which existed under it. As a remedy for the first of these evils—the nature of the franchise, he proposed to fall back upon a rating. At present the franchise was of two sorts—one connected with occupation, and another not requiring it, but both depending on value. He proposed that all the existing franchises requiring occupation should be abolished, and that in lieu thereof a simple rating under the Poor Law should be substituted, of the net annual value of 8*l.* and upwards. He also proposed to confer the franchise upon joint occupiers, provided that each, when divided, possessed a net value of 8*l.* He also proposed to confer the franchise upon persons entitled to estates in fee or tail of the rated annual value of 5*l.*, being in occupation. To improve the registration, he said that the clerks of the different Poor Law unions would transmit to the clerks of the peace lists of the persons rated as occupiers of lands and tenements at the annual value of 8*l.* and upwards. The clerk of the peace for the county would make out a list of voters otherwise qualified than by occupation; and, adding that list to the list of occupiers returned by the clerks of unions, would form the general county list for revision. He did not propose to make any change in the town qualification; but he intended to repeal all the clauses requiring payment of rates, with the exception of so much of the Poor-rate as had not accrued within the last three months.

The foreign news is unimportant, though it is daily becoming more clear that the indecision of King Charles Albert is damaging the Lombards, perhaps irretrievably.

The new French Deputies are to wear a costume. Is this because so many of them are *ouvriers*, and not fit company for poets and journalists, till re-clothed? Here is the "decree." The prescribed dress is not a bad one, after all.

"The Provisional Government, considering that the principle of equality implies an uniformity of costume for the citizens appointed to perform the same functions, decrees:—The representatives of the people shall wear a black coat, a white waistcoat with lappels, black pantaloons, and a tri-colored silk

scarf, ornamented with gold fringe. They shall attach to the button-hole on the left side of their coat a red riband, on which shall be embroidered the *fascies* of the Republic. Done at a Government Council, held on the 30th of April, 1848."

May 3.

A most unexpected episode has occurred in the progress of insurrection in Ireland. Blood has been shed in Limerick; a tremendous row has taken place; the police and military, horse, foot, and artillery, have been called in to quell the riot; and the most notorious Irish M.P. has had his teeth beaten in, and his ribs nearly, if not quite, broken. But marvellous to mention, this M.P. is none other than Smith O'Brien; and the party protected by the soldiery were Messrs. Meagher and Mitchell, and the rest of the Young Irelanders! Mr. O'Brien the next day resigned his seat in Parliament! A correspondent of a Dublin paper thus describes the scene:—

"It was rumoured all over the town yesterday that it was the intention of the Old Irelanders not to allow the Young Ireland tea-party to be held; and we began to believe this to be true, when, upon the arrival of Meagher and Mitchell from Dublin, they were violently assailed, and got into the hotel with great difficulty, a Young Irelander having pulled out a pistol, and declared that he would shoot the first man who attempted to follow them into the hotel. It was then discussed whether the 'party' should take place or not, and the 'ayes' carrying it by a very small majority, it did accordingly take place. In the course of the fray that followed, Smith O'Brien received a cut on the head, and a severe contusion on his side, one of his ribs being said to be broken. Meagher got into the hotel under the protection of two men, armed with daggers, who kept dealing blows right and left. Mitchell, they say, was so hard pressed that he ran up to the door of a house, and there defended himself with a dagger until he was let into the house to save his life. After the troops were withdrawn, at about half-past ten o'clock, the mob broke into the store where the meeting had been held, broke all the cups, saucers, plates, benches, and ornamental festoonings, and then retired satisfied, having maltreated two policemen who had been stationed there, and, not being relieved, were unwilling to quit their posts. As speedily as possible Messrs. Mitchell and Meagher left the city inside the Cork coach."

The agitation in Paris, and in some of the departments, is waxing daily more furious, and it seems almost impossible that the irritated ultra-Republicans should abstain from violence. Among the new deputies appear several of the Catholic clergy; the Bishop of Larges, and two other clergy, for Morbihan; Lacordaire for the Bouches du Rhone; and the Bishops of Orleans and Quimper for Lozère and Finisterre.

The Austrians are consolidating their forces in Lombardy and the Tyrol; and in Schleswig-Holstein, the contending powers are for the present only watching each other.

May 4.

There is little news of any general interest to-day. The following conversation took place last night in the House of Commons:

Mr. G. A. Hamilton asked the Home Secretary, whether he had received any authentic confirmation from Ireland of a statement which had appeared in the *Times* newspaper of that morning, and which had been commented upon in that paper, viz. that there had been an *émeute* of the moral force party in Limerick, against the leaders of the physical force party; and that the leaders of the physical force party, Mr. Meagher, Mr. Mitchell, and Mr. Smith O'Brien, had been maltreated by the moral force party, and that those very bellicose gentlemen had been obliged to seek protection from the military and the constabulary?

Sir G. Grey.—In reply to the question put by the hon. gentleman, I beg to inform him that I have received a letter from the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland which substantially confirms the statement he has alluded to. It appears that a meeting was held at the city of Limerick, at which about 400 persons assembled, the gentlemen to whom the hon. member has alluded being present, and that, during the meeting, an

attack was made upon them by the people of Limerick; and I believe that it is to the prompt intervention of the military and the police that the safety of those three gentlemen may be attributed.

Births and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

At Bangalore, East Indies, on March 12, the lady of Lieut.-Colonel Key, the 15th Hussars, of a daughter.
On the 3d inst., at 52 Russell Square, the wife of Thomas Leach, jun., Esq., barrister-at-law, of a son.

DEATHS.

On the 2d inst., in Old Palace Yard, Ellen, daughter of the Right Hon. Sir George Henry Rose.
Pray for the repose of the soul of John Jones, Esq., of Llanarth Court, Monmouthshire, who departed this life on the 22d ult. at Bute House, Petersham, in his 58th year.

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